

TOTA PULCHRA ES!

All beauteous! How shall this muse of mine
Such wealth of fair delight most meetly hymn?
What jewelled words shall sweetly grace the line
Nor yet bedim
The rare effulgence, Lady, that is thine
And sits so native on thy queenly brow?
If 'mid the quiet gardens of the mind
Where heart and thought move peaceful and serene,—
If 'long those silent alleys I might find
Some shining blossom, fragrant to endow
My wand'ring rhymes,
Oh! then, thou blissful Queen!
Oh! then, my Lady sweet!
How would I haste betimes,
Glad in my offering, joyous, unabashed,
To leave it at thy feet!

Fairest! there is no flower,
Nor tender bud nor blossom, but is dashed
(Ah, me! the unkindly bower!)
With o'er much murk o' the world to bring to thee,
Thou peerless pearl of white virginity!
My graceless lines are offering all unmeet:
Yet, Lady, near thy silver-sandalled feet
Where plumèd angels throng,
I'll leave my song.
And crouched in lowly service will I dare
(Lifting sad eyes, thine own sweet eyes to seek)
To raise a poet's prayer
To thy calm majesty, unutterably meek:—

"O Mother-maid! thy love once lured to earth
The everlasting heaven's all-clement King,
At whose bright feet thou sittest queenly sweet.
Now, mother-like, from thy celestial seat
Turn pitying eyes! Bethink thee of our worth,
Our dear-bought souls, our royal ransoming!
Do more than call us; lead our wayward feet!
Hold fast our wilful hands in thine! And this,
Till God's eternal door
Hath shut us in at last for evermore
With Him and thee in His abiding bliss!"

F. REYNOLDS.

Pope Joan.

THE fable of the female Pope has played so large a part in popular controversy, it is even now so tenaciously clung to by no-Popery lecturers, and it affords so curious an illustration of the infirmities of the mediæval mind, that it seems worth while to call attention to an exceptionally thorough discussion of the question by a French scholar which has been given to the world within the last few months. Many and excellent as are the historical contributions which adorn the *Dictionnaire Apologétique de la Foi Catholique*, in the edition now appearing under the care of Professor A. d'Alès, it would be hard to find any which packs more well-digested information into a limited space than the article on Pope Joan to which we are referring. The author, M. l'Abbé F. Vernet, Professor in the Catholic University of Lyons, has skilfully put the coping stone upon a famous essay of Döllinger, once the last word of historical criticism, but now somewhat out of date. Moreover, while Döllinger's paper, from its rather involved structure, cannot be called easy reading, the Abbé Vernet's statement of the problem is throughout remarkable for its lucidity. No further apology seems needful for introducing the subject here, superfluous as any refutation of the fable may appear in the broad daylight of the twentieth century. I will only add that while the greater part of what follows cannot pretend to be anything more than a summary of the data furnished by M. Vernet, some few other points which he has passed over have here and there been touched upon as likely to be of special interest to English readers.

Ever since the fable of Pope Joan has been submitted to serious investigation, the critics, whether Catholic or Protestant, who denied the truth of the story, have laid stress upon the extreme lateness of the testimony on which it professes to rest. In proportion as a more exact study of the manuscript sources has been rendered possible by the apparatus of modern research, the fact has more and more

clearly come to light that however universal the belief in the reality of the woman Pope may have been just before the Reformation period, not a single authentic piece of evidence can be produced in its favour of earlier date than the thirteenth century. No doubt appeal has been confidently made to the text of chronicles of much more venerable antiquity, beginning with the "Pope-book" itself, the quasi-official and contemporary *Liber Pontificalis*, but when the manuscripts are carefully examined, it is discovered that all the pretended early entries referring to Pope Joan are interpolations of a later period. By those who believe the story the historical existence of the female Pope is commonly assigned to the ninth century, but the earliest authentic reference of any kind made to the subject is to be found in a paragraph of the chronicle of Metz (*Chronica Universalis Mettensis*)¹ full four hundred years later. This brief notice, which must have been written down somewhere about 1250 A.D. is inserted in the chronicle between the years 1099 and 1100—an impossible date, when the gentle-minded Paschal II. was consecrated Pope after the See had remained vacant for barely a fortnight. In any case, as the wording itself shows, the incident was only recorded by the chronicler as a subject for future inquiry.²

Query. With regard to a certain pope—or rather popess, because she was a woman who pretended to be a man. By his excellent abilities having been appointed notary at the papal court he became Cardinal and eventually Pope. On a certain day, when he was riding, he gave birth to a child, and straightway in accordance with Roman justice his feet were tied together and he was dragged for half a league at a horse's tail while the people stoned him. At the place where he expired, he was buried, and an inscription was set up:

PETRE PATER PATRUM PAPISSÉ PRODITO PARTUM.

Under him was instituted the fast of the Ember Days, and it is called the popess's fast.³

¹ The author of the chronicle is not known. Almost identically the same account appears in a contemporary chronicle by John de Mailly, see Weiland, in *Neues Archiv.*, xii. 469—473.

² B. Urban II. was Pope from 1088 to 1099 (July 29th). Paschal II. succeeded on August 14th of the same year and lived until 1118. There were various anti-Popes at this period, but their history is quite well known.

³ See the *Chronica Universalis Mettensis* in Pertz, *M. G. H.*, SS. xxiv. p. 514. The story is told of the Pope in the masculine gender. The Latin words of the inscription should mean, "Peter, Father of Fathers, reveal the childbirth of the popess."

It is noteworthy that among the small number of chroniclers of the thirteenth century who tell us anything of the supposed female Pope, two conspicuously different types of story were current. That just recounted, though at a later date it was little attended to, or at any rate was absorbed in the alternative version, was at first the more prevalent. The second testimony known to us is of the same type. It is equally vague, giving no names, and in several respects repeating the actual phrases of that already quoted. We meet with it in the treatise *De diversis Materiis prædicabilibus*, written by the Dominican Stephen de Bourbon, which also belongs to the middle of the thirteenth century.¹ Stephen words the story thus:

But an instance of marvellous audacity, or rather of sheer madness, occurred about the year of our Lord 1100, as is alleged in the chronicles. A certain learned woman well versed in the notary's art, assuming male habiliments and pretending to be a man, came to Rome, and by her contrivances as well as her knowledge of letters, managed to get herself appointed notary of the curia. Afterwards, by the aid of the devil, she was made cardinal and finally pope. Having become *enceinte*, when she was riding one day she gave birth to a child. When Roman justice took cognizance of this, her feet were tied together and she was dragged outside the city behind a horse's hoofs, and for half a league was stoned by the people. At the place where she expired she was buried, and a stone was set over her inscribed with this verse:

*Parce pater patrum, papisse edere partum.*²

Another chronicler, still of the thirteenth century—he wrote perhaps about the year 1270—tells the story in much the same way but more concisely. He says nothing of the punishment inflicted, but states explicitly that the name and date of this “false-pope” are not known. He also ascribes the discovery of her sex and condition to the devil, who in a public consistory shouted aloud the verse, *Papa, pater patrum, papisse pandito partum*³ “O Pope, Father of Fathers, disclose the child-bearing of the popess.” The incident is apparently assigned by him to the beginning of the tenth century.

The other version of the story seems to be distinctly

¹ Stephen de Bourbon is believed to have died about the year 1262.

² The Latin text is cited in Quetif and Echard, *Scriptores Ordinis Prædicatorum*, vol. i. p. 367.

³ This chronicle, which is known as the *Chronica Minor Erphordensis*, is the work of a Franciscan friar of Erfurt. It is printed in Pertz, *M. G. H.*, SS. vol. xxiv. p. 184.

later in date. It is first found in some, but only in some, of the manuscripts of the chronicle of Martin of Troppau, best known as Polonus. As it is said not to occur even in all the manuscripts of the third and latest redaction, which the author probably took in hand about the year 1268, it may be considered doubtful whether Martin is himself responsible for the insertion. But, however this may be, the evidence shows that this account of the female Pope is older than the end of the thirteenth century. For example, the M.S. Royal 14. C. 6., which cannot have been written much later than 1304, contains this incident and ascribes it definitely to Martin.¹ It was in this form that the fable eventually obtained almost universal credence and the exact terms of it may as well be recorded here. In the text of the chronicle it follows immediately upon the account of Pope Leo IV. and is assigned to the year 855.

After the aforesaid Leo, John, an Englishman by descent,² who came from Mainz, held the see two years, five months and four days, and the pontificate was vacant one month. He died at Rome. He, it is asserted, was a woman. And having been in youth taken by her lover to Athens in man's clothes, she made such progress in various sciences that there was nobody equal to her. So that afterwards lecturing on the Trivium at Rome she had great masters for her disciples and hearers. And forasmuch as she was in great esteem in the city, both for her life and her learning, she was unanimously elected pope. But while pope she became pregnant by the person with whom she was intimate. But not knowing the time of her delivery, while going from St. Peter's to the Lateran, being taken in labour, she brought forth a child between the Coliseum and St. Clement's church. And afterwards dying she was, it is said, buried in that place. And because the Lord Pope always turns aside from that way, there are some who are fully persuaded that it is done in detestation of the fact. Nor is she put in the Catalogue of the Holy Popes, as well on account of her female sex as on account of the foul nature of the transaction.³

Owing to the wide popularity of the chronicle of Martinus Polonus the fable in this form won by degrees an almost general acceptance. Ralph Higden, the English annalist,

¹ See Luard, *Flores Historiarum* (Rolls Series), i. p. 425, and cf. p. xxii.

² The words "*Johannes Anglicus natione (v.l. nativitate) Margantinus, or Moguntinus*," are obscure, and might be variously rendered.

³ I have utilized a translation of this passage by Dr. S. R. Maitland which may be found in the *British Magazine*, vol. xxii. (1842), p. 42.

writing probably before 1327, expressly mentions that he has taken the story from Martin and repeats it with hardly the change of a word.¹ A century later the devout John Lydgate, monk of Bury, in his adaptation of Boccaccio's *Fall of Princes*, does not go much into detail but nevertheless tells his readers how after the death

Of the Pope which called was Leon,
The said woman by eleccion
Installed was, no wight supposing than
By no token but that she was a man.

The boke of sortes after that anon,
Of aventure turned upso down.
She was named and called Pope John,
Of whose naturall disposicion
Fel by processe into temptacion.
Quick with child the houre came on her than,
She was delivered at St. John Lateran.²

Obviously there is nothing new here and I only recall it as evidence of the wide diffusion of the tale; but when repeated by some other mediæval writers³ the story absorbed such details as those given by Stephen of Bourbon and also developed various new features.⁴ The most unpleasant of these last was the popular error that in consequence of Pope Joan's successful imposture all subsequent pontiffs at their enthronization were subjected to a humiliating ordeal at the Lateran which rendered a similar deception impossible in future. But of this a word must be said later.

Meanwhile let us note that if anyone were disposed to attach weight to the fact that certain mediæval chroniclers believed in the existence of a female Pope, a comparison of the passages in which the fable first makes its appearance would alone be sufficient to establish its fictitious character.

¹ Higden, *Polychronicon* (Rolls Series), vol. vi. p. 332. I do not know how M. Vernet has come to suppose that Higden gave to the Pope the name of Agnes. He calls her Johannes Anglicus. Trevisa, in his translation, treats Anglicus as if it were a surname, and styles her "John Englysshe." The name Agnes is however used by Adam of Usk.

² Lydgate, *The Fall of Princes*, bk. ix. ch. 14.

³ See the *Flores Temporum* of Martinus Minorita in *M. G. H.*, SS., xxiv. p. 243.

⁴ The extravagant character of some of these developments shows us on what ground we are treading. A leaf sewn into a MS. at Berlin (Lat. 4to. 70) tells us that Joan was only deposed, not put to death, that she did penance, received the religious habit and lived on until her son became Bishop of Ostia. She wanted to be buried in the street, the "Vicus Papissae," where she had been delivered of her child, but her son would not permit this. She was accordingly buried at Ostia, where to this day her remains continue to work miracles.

In each case the very language of the narrator suggests that a doubt existed in the writer's mind.¹ Many of the details are preposterous, for example, the statement that Joan studied at Athens, for in the ninth century Athens had long ceased to be a seat of learning. But, most of all, the various dates indicated for Joan's supposed pontificate (*v.g.* 1099, 855, 915) are not only mutually inconsistent but separately impossible. The view most favoured, *viz.*, that Joan succeeded Pope Leo IV. in 855, cannot be reconciled with the incontestable fact that Benedict III. filled the papal chair from the latter part of 855 to at least the fourth month of 858.² We have letters of his dated from Oct. 7, 855, to March 30, 858. As we know that Leo died 17th July, 855, and that Pope Nicholas the Great was consecrated 24th April, 858, we have barely two years and nine months interval between these two. Benedict III. presided over the Church for more than two years and six months, and this leaves barely ten weeks unaccounted for.³ Yet our narratives pretend that Joan ruled for more than a couple of years. But it is useless labouring the point. Every sane historical authority, one might say indeed every popular work of reference, now recognizes the fact that the supposed female Pope is a fabulous personage.⁴ I will only call attention briefly to one argument among twenty that might be cited. It is interesting as occurring in the first volume of Father Parsons's *Three Conversions of England*, written in reply to John Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, and printed in 1603. After noting that Pope Leo IV. was a pontiff to whom English chroniclers devoted special attention because it was he who, as the Anglo-Saxon chronicle bears witness, administered confirmation to our great national hero Alfred the Great, when he was taken to Rome as a boy by his father, King Æthelwulf, Parsons urges the point that the little prince "must needs have known Pope Joan also if any such existed" and that her English origin would have been likely to make her famous among her compatriots; notwithstanding which all the earlier English chroniclers like

¹ Observe, for example, the "*Hic, ut asseritur, femina fuit*" of Martinus Polonus.

² See also the coin of Benedict III., which was the subject of a learned dissertation by Garampi.

³ For all these facts see Mgr. Duchesne's *Liber Pontificalis*, vol. ii., Preface, p. lxvii.

⁴ When dealing two years ago in these pages with the disgraceful revival of the Pope Joan story by Dr. A. Rappoport in his *Love Affairs of the Vatican*, I quoted the results of an examination of some half-dozen popular encyclopædias. See *THE MONTH*, April, 1912, pp. 369, 370.

William of Malmesbury, Henry of Huntingdon, &c., pass over the matter in absolute silence. But still more effective is the contention which may best be presented in Father Parsons's own words.

About a hundred and seventy yeares after this devised election of Pope Joane (to witt, upon the yeare of Christ 1020) the Church and patriarches of Constantinople, being in some contention with Rome, Pope Leo IX. wrote a long letter to Michell patriarch of Constantinople reprehending certayne abuses of that Church, and among other, that they were said to have promoted eunuchs to Priesthood, and thereby also a greater inconvenience had fallen out, which was that a woman had crept in to be patriarch. Which yet, he saith, that for the horror of the fact he would not believe. *Absit*, saith he, *ut velimus credere quod publica fama non dubitat asserere*, &c. . . . Thus wrote he. Which no doubt he would never have durst to do, yf the Patriarch of Constantinople might have returned the matter back upon him againe and said this was but a slanderous report falsely raised against the Church of Constantinople but that a woman indeed had been promoted in the Roman Church. How could Pope Leo have answered this reply? Wherefore most certayne it seemeth that at this tyme there was not so much as any rumor or mention of any woman Pope that ever had been in the Roman Church.¹

Father Parsons' argument is absolutely sound, and the authenticity of the letter of Pope Leo IX. cannot be contested; but we must come back to this point again later on. Meanwhile, looking at the evidence as it has so far been presented, it seems difficult to understand how such able Protestant controversialists as Jewel and the Magdeburg Centurionators can have made the mistake of attempting to defend a quite hopeless position. The explanation is no doubt to be found in the fact that towards the close of the middle ages the Pope Joan fable had been interpolated by copyists into the texts of many of the older chroniclers. The array of witnesses who are supposed to have borne testimony to the existence of the female Pope is at first sight a most impressive one, but the evidence all goes to pieces the moment the inquiry is pushed home. As already stated, Joan was at one time believed to be vouched for by the contemporary *Liber Pontificalis*, variously attributed to the authorship of Anastasius Bibliothecarius or Pandulphus, but already Dr. Harding, writing against Jewel in 1565, pointed out the truth. "Marry," he says, "in the margin of Pandulphus this fable

¹ *The Three Conversions of England*, vol. i. p. 399.

is put in between Leo IV. and Benedict III., written in a hand far different from the old characters of that ancient book, added by some man of later times."¹ There is only one manuscript (Vaticanus 3762) known to contain this insertion, and the page has been published in facsimile by Mgr. Duchesne.² The text is in a handwriting of the twelfth century, the interpolation—made, not, as Harding says, at the end, but near the beginning of the account of Leo IV.—is inserted in the lower margin in a fourteenth century hand. The addition consists simply of an exact copy of the already cited paragraph of Martinus Polonus. But this process was repeated in the case of a number of other chronicles, and it may be interesting to set down in tabular form the very instructive data supplied by M. Vernet.³ Evidently the element of extravagance and coarseness in the Pope Joan fable appealed to the mediæval imagination, and copyists of a later date, who were troubled with few scruples on the ground of textual accuracy, considered it a pity that in any general history this spicy incident should not find a place. Thus the story makes its appearance in one or more copies or editions of all the following chronicles, though it is practically certain in each case that the original text contained no reference to it.

AUTHORITIES APPEALED TO IN VINDICATION OF THE FABLE
OF POPE JOAN.

<i>Name of Chronicle, &c.</i>	<i>Date of Chronicle</i>	<i>Comments.</i>
1. Liber Pontificalis	9th Cent.	Pope Joan a late interpolation, see Duchesne, <i>Lib. Pont.</i> ii. p. xxvi.
2. Marianus Scotus	c. 1080	The genuine text of Marianus makes no reference to Joan. <i>M. G. H.</i> , SS. v., p. 550.
3. Siegburt of Gembloux	c. 1105	The mention of Pope Joan which occurs in the <i>editio princeps</i> is found in no MS. <i>M. G. H.</i> , SS. vi. p. 340, note.
4. Otto of Friesingen	c. 1146	No MS. authority for Pope Joan reference. See <i>M. G. H.</i> , SS., xx. p. 229.
5. Richard of Poitiers	c. 1172	Only one relatively late MS. mentions Joan, and this entry seems to be copied from Martinus. See <i>M. G. H.</i> , SS. xxvi. p. 78.
6. Godfrey of Viterbo	c. 1186	The older MSS. contain no reference to Joan. See <i>M. G. H.</i> , SS., xxii. pp. 30, 292.
7. Gervase of Tilbury	c. 1214	The late MSS. which alone contain the Joan entry copy Martinus. See <i>M. G. H.</i> , SS. xxvii. pp. 359, seq.

¹ See Jewel's *Works* (Parker Society), vol. iv. p. 648.

² Duchesne, *Liber Pontificalis*, vol. ii. Preface, p. xxiv.

³ *Dictionnaire Apologétique*, Fascicule X. (Paris, Beauchesne, 1914), col. 1254.

With regard to the diffusion of the story Döllinger calls attention to the fact that the Dominican and Franciscan chroniclers of the close of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth century appear to have been particularly active in giving it currency. He thinks that the severity shown to the friars by Pope Boniface VIII. led the former to retaliate by drawing attention to what seemed the darker or more ignominious chapters in the past history of the Papacy. But this, I fancy, is to assume a great deal too much conscious purpose on the part of annalists who really had little thought of a public outside their own community. It is far more likely that the manner of life of the friars, travelling much, mixing with the people, and on the look out for material to illustrate and enliven their popular discourses, tended to the development of what we may call a gossippy habit of mind. Such narratives as those of Salimbene or of Burchard de Monte Sion throw much light not only on the externals of the life led by the mendicant religious, but also on the singular absence of reserve in the mentality which it generated.

What is of more interest than the propagation of the fable is the question of its origin. Numberless conjectures have been hazarded by various writers from the days of Bellarmine and Baronius down to a recent article by the archeologist, G. Tomassetti, in the *Bullettino* of the Roman Commissione Archeologica.¹ Most of the suggested explanations are quite extravagant and improbable. Baronius, in his long excursus upon Pope Joan, comes to the conclusion that the weakness and vacillation shown by Pope John VIII. in the affair of the Patriarch Photius led people to comment derisively upon his acts as those of a woman Pope; from this it would have been easy for some blundering chronicler at a later date to pass to a more literal interpretation and to believe that a woman had actually sat in the chair of St. Peter. But this impression of John VIII. as a weak character, as Père Lapôtre has shown in his monograph upon that pontiff,² is really quite contrary to the facts of history, and Baronius's conjecture must be ruled out of court. Still less acceptable, when calmly weighed, are the suggestions put forward by such authorities as Leo Allatius, Leibnitz, Padre Secchi, and others. They are briefly summarized and criticized by M. Vernet in the

¹ See the *Bullettino Comunale* for 1907, "La Statua della Papissa Giovanna."

² M. A. Lapôtre, S.J., *Le Pape Jean VIII.*, Paris, 1895.

article to which I have so many times referred. Let me confess that the historical side of the explanation propounded by M. Vernet himself seems equally to fail in bringing conviction. According to him in those terrible days of the tenth century, when under a succession of Popes who bore the name of John, from John X. to John XIII., the destinies of Rome were really swayed by Theodora, wife of Theophylact, and by her two daughters, Marozia and Theodora, the gibe must often have been upon men's lips that the real Pope was a woman. This, M. Vernet thinks, would alone have been sufficient to give rise to the myth of the female Pope, and he finds confirmation in the name Joan or Johanna, which is the natural feminine of John, as well as in the fact that the fabulous Joan is supposed to have been intruded between a Leo and a Benedict, just as at the time of the troubled pontificate of John XII. a Benedict was elected to succeed him on his death in 964, while he had previously been in conflict with a Leo chosen at St. Peter's in a council convened by the Emperor Otho.¹

People will judge very differently the amount of weight to be attached to considerations such as these. A more definite nucleus for the evolution of such a myth seems to be provided by the occurrence at an earlier date—earlier, that is, than the appearance of any authentic trace of the legend of Pope Joan—of a story that a woman had been Patriarch of Constantinople. We have already heard from Father Parsons, who no doubt learned the fact from his fellow-Jesuit, Bellarmine,² how Pope Leo IX. wrote in 1054 to Michael Cerularius, Patriarch of Constantinople, protesting against the consecration of eunuchs to the episcopate, and expressing himself shocked at the story which had reached him, and which he refuses to believe, that in consequence of the carelessness induced by this admission of eunuchs to orders, a woman on one occasion had actually been promoted to the patriarchate. Father Lapôte sees in this fable the germ of the legend of the female Pope, though he wisely lays stress upon the part played by other elements—not excluding vague memories of the dominant influence in Rome of Marozia and the Theodoras—at any rate in the final evolution of the myth. In particular, he calls attention, as E. Bernheim had

¹ See Mann, *The Lives of the Popes*, vol. iv. pp. 260, *seq.*

² See Bellarmine, *De Summo Pontifice*, III., xxiv., when discussing the fable of Pope Joan.

already done before him,¹ to a curious text belonging to the tenth century in the *Chronicon Salernitanum*, which may conveniently be translated here.²

At that time a certain patriarch ruled over Constantinople, a good and just man but stained beyond measure by carnal love, so much so that he kept a niece in the house to serve as his eunuch and wrapped her all round in gorgeous apparel. This patriarch, when drawing near his end, commended his nephew, as she seemed to be, to the favour of all. Upon his death they all with one voice, being in complete ignorance, chose her, woman though she was, to be their bishop. She presided over them for almost a year and a half. But in the silence of the night when the wearied limbs are relaxed in sleep an evil spirit introduced himself before the bed where Arichis (Duke of Beneventum) was taking his rest and spoke aloud saying "What art thou doing Arichis?", and while he was still striving to take in the meaning of this unwonted clamour, the devil said again: "I will disclose to you what I have done. The people of Constantinople have a woman for a bishop and on this account the anger of the Redeemer is menacing that land." Saying which he departed. So the prince sent *apocrisarii* to Constantinople and made known all that the devil had revealed to him. They diligently made enquiries and found that it was even as Arichis had announced, and then that abomination was put an end to.³

Here at least we have definitely the idea of a woman who had become an œcumenical pontiff, for this was the style favoured by the Constantinopolitan patriarchs. Stories of this kind have always a tendency to gravitate towards the centres of supreme interest. It is a well-known law that such famous characters as Alexander and Charlemagne attract to themselves all the folk tales that originally were told of other people, and a similar process no doubt went on in regard to institutions like the Papacy, which, needless to say, was the most prominent see in all Christendom.

But even so the fable would hardly have attained the growth and celebrity which ultimately attached to it, if it had not been for some familiar material objects which gave it point and definiteness. There seem in this case to have been at least two such monuments, and the whole material was woven together into one more or less consistent story. The

¹ Lapôtre, *Le Pape Jean VIII.*, pp. 363—367.

² Bernheim, "Zur Sage der Päpstin Johanna," in the *Deutsche Zeitschrift f. Geschichtswissenschaft*, vol. iii. p. 410.

³ *Chronicon Salernitanum* (written c. 975). See *M. G. H.*, SS., III. 481.

first and more important monument was a statue of a woman with a child, which stood in a narrow street in Rome on the way to the Lateran and close to the little church of San Clemente. If we may trust a conjecture recently put forward by G. Tomassetti, the actual statue is still preserved, and is to be found in the Chiaramonti gallery of the Vatican Museum. It is a striking work of art, remarkable on account of the rarity, among our surviving specimens of ancient sculpture, of any such combination of mother and child. Modern critics commonly believe it to have been intended to represent Juno suckling Hercules. According to Tomassetti, the statue was carried off from the neighbourhood of San Clemente to the Quirinal by order of Sixtus V., who was glad to have a pretext for putting some check upon the folk tales which centred round it. That there was some statue in the fifteenth century, near San Clemente, which was popularly believed to represent the female Pope and the infant to which she gave birth is certain.¹ It was also believed that the Pope's great state processions, when he went to take formal possession of the Lateran, avoided passing along the street in which it stood, from shame, at the memory of Pope Joan's public disgrace. As Capgrave reminds his readers, "the church was deceyved once in a woman which deyed on procession, great with chylde, for an ymage is sette up in memorie of her as we go to Laterane."² On the pedestal of this statue were probably inscribed the letters P.P.P.P.P. (Tomassetti considers it improbable that there were really six P.s) which represented formulæ familiar to classical epigraphy, but which were variously interpreted by the unscientific antiquaries of the thirteenth century as yielding an hexameter line:

PAPA PATER PATRUM PAPISSA PANDITO PARTUM,

or something of that sort, for, as we have already seen, there was more than one rendering.³ There can be no possible doubt, as indeed Döllinger long ago made plain, that the

¹ All this is attested by an English witness who lived in the time of Henry IV.: "Ad detestacionem tamen pape Agnetis (Adam calls her Agnes, not Joan) cuius ymago de petra cum filio suo prope S. Clementem in via recta existit, per obliquum declinans," &c. See Maunde Thompson, *Chronicon Adae de Usk*, p. 90.

² Capgrave, *The Solace of Pilgrimes*, p. 74. Capgrave wrote somewhere between 1422 and 1437.

³ With the Protestant controversialists of a later age the favourite rendering was—

PAPA PATER PATRUM PEPERIT PAPISSA PAPELLUM.

statue of the mother and child played a very large part in the evolution of the legend. Given only the crude idea that there had once been a female Pope, it would follow of itself, as in the Constantinople story, that she was not likely to be a person of edifying life, and the imagination of the people would soon elaborate a host of other details. Nothing is better attested in folk lore than the fact that if there is any object which arouses curiosity and speculation—whether it be some natural feature, *e.g.* a chasm in the ground or a hill of strange shape, or again some vestige of antiquity such as a ruined arch or a conspicuous monument—the popular fancy soon sets to work to weave a story round it. These "iconographic legends," as Father Delehaye aptly calls them, are of every-day occurrence; they are at one time pious, at another wholly secular,¹ but in almost every country of the world any investigator who chooses to collect examples may find scores of quaint stories which have grown out of no better foundation than some freak of nature, or work of art, or inscription of doubtful meaning.² So it seems to have been with the stone statue of a mother and child which formerly stood in the narrow street near St. Clement's, between the Coliseum and the Lateran. The street, until it was widened by Sixtus V., was too narrow to allow the Pope's great procession to pass, but the populace would have it that the procession went another way because the Popes could not bear to be reminded of the shameful incident in the history of the Papacy, of which that statue was the abiding memorial.

Finally one brief word must be said of another and still more unpleasant element of the story which in the later middle ages undoubtedly contributed to its popularity. Those who are familiar with the note of coarseness habitually exploited by the modern purveyors of Sunday literature for the lower classes will have no difficulty in understanding why the fable of Pope Joan was in high favour and not likely to be forgotten. We know from the twelfth century *Ordo* of Cencius that when a new Pope was installed at the Lateran he sat

¹ See the many examples quoted by Father Delehaye in his *Legends of the Saints* (Eng. trans.), pp. 45 *seq.*, and cf. Kinkel, *Mosaik zur Kunstgeschichte*, pp. 161—243.

² A conspicuous example of this last class is furnished by the Abercius inscription recovered some years ago by Sir W. M. Ramsay and now in the Lateran museum. The whole tale of St. Abercius as recounted by the Metaphrast seems to have been evolved out of an attempt to interpret literally the terms of this symbolical and cryptic text.

down, as our own king still does at his coronation, on different seats or thrones for the performance of different ceremonies, as the ritual directed. When the pontiff took his seat for the first time on a particular marble bench a versicle was sung, intended to remind the Pope that his elevation was not due to anything more than human in himself, but only to the grace of the Most High; *suscitans a terra inopem*, chanted the choir, *et de stercore erigens paupereem*. From this the bench in question was called the *sedes stercorata*, and owing to a confusion with two other marble seats also employed in the ceremony and which had apparently at one time been used in an ancient Roman *thermæ* or bathing establishment, the meaning and purpose of the real *sedes stercorata*, which in point of fact was not perforated, came to be misunderstood by the coarse-minded populace. The ceremony was thus popularly believed to be a precaution taken that no woman in future should be raised to the pontifical dignity, but as the official ceremonial books plainly show, this was a gross misconception and at no time had any foundation in fact.¹

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ This truth has been demonstrated by a number of writers, e.g., by F. Cancellieri in *Storia de' solenni Possessi*, by Moroni in his *Dizionario*, by Lucius Lector and many others.

May in Siena.

Land of the Pine, Olive, and Aloe !
Land of the Sun and the Sea !
Oh, my heart like a child's is turning
To thee ! to thee !

THE month was May, and the place was Siena, and we were on our way to the Church of the Osservanza. It would be difficult to imagine a more delightful combination of circumstances. We had already seen the church, famous alike for its memories of San Bernardino and as being the home of one of the most beautiful of all the works of Andrea della Robbia.

We had been taken as far as we might go through the church and sacristy by one of the Franciscan Fathers. We had seen the cell of San Bernardino, and had looked at every nook and corner that could speak to us of him ; and then we had returned to the church to feast on the beauty of the Coronation of Our Lady ; a work, which had he done naught else, would have made Andrea della Robbia famous for all time. The light and shadow on the white figures, the beautiful grouping, the delicate gold tracery on the Madonna's robe ; and above all, the dignified figure of St. Francis with his hand on the head of the kneeling St. Clare, the whole thrown into strong relief by the beautiful deep blue of the background, forms one of those memories which last a lifetime.

But this time we were coming to Osservanza for another reason ; the Feast of Corpus Christi was close at hand, and there was to be a wonderful procession on this particular Sunday afternoon. Two of the young Frati, who were students at the Belle Arti, were to make a marvellous carpet of flowers ; it was also the Sunday for the First Communion in that parish, and there was, moreover, a newly-ordained priest, who was to sing his First Mass that morning, and to whose share fell the honour of carrying the Santissimo.

The afternoon was already advanced as we left the shadow of the Porta Ovale on our pilgrimage. Nevertheless

the sun beat fiercely on us as we went down the winding dusty road that led into the valley; and having got there we paused a moment before beginning to climb the opposite hill. For the Convent is beautifully situated and commands the whole country-side, being, indeed, on a level with Siena itself, with only the deep valley between them. The path was rough and steep, and seeing some iron gates standing invitingly open, we turned in and ventured to trespass through the Frati's domain. The road led straight for a while, then turned abruptly to the right, and we found ourselves in a straight short avenue of cypress trees, which led us to a small *podere*. We went across the yard with no further hindrance than the suspicious looks of the farmyard cat, who sat stolidly in the path and refused to move. We skirted round her, out of the gate, up a short steep lane, and the Church of the Osservanza was before us. It had been a sharp pull, and we paused to take breath and to gaze across the valley at Siena.

There she sat, enthroned like a Queen, on her three hills, peaceful and smiling, crowned with her many turrets and towers, making music with many bells; and around about her are her once fortified walls, guarding her as lovingly now as when first they were built for her protection. What stories could they not tell us, those old walls! How they lifted their gates to welcome Kings and Princes, and feasting and merriment; or how they stoutly withstood warfare and siege, clash of arms, treacherous attacks by night and assaults by day. Well and faithfully did they guard their Queen! But, alas! there was one enemy against whom they were powerless! So the Black Death crept past them one night like a thief, and laid low the fair City, slew her sons and daughters, stayed the building of the Cathedral, left death and desolation in his train; and having done his worst, departed, leaving her as one dead. But the old walls knew better! and they drew their arms round her and guarded her well, till she roused herself from her exhaustion and stirred once more.

And now she sits again, smiling, placid and content. Little it troubles her that she sits apart from the great river of life, that her children are barely more than a third of their former number, that her trade no longer excites the envy of other cities. It troubles her not, for the backwater of her existence is of surpassing beauty. But the old walls remem-

ber, and they mourn! They long for the clash of arms and the cry of battle, and the busy life that went in and out of their gates. But most of all, perhaps, do they grieve that their Queen is content with a second place, and that she craves no longer for her departed glory. There they stand, grim and sorrowful, stared at by the curious, written of by the learned, yet ready as ever to do their part, and guard their treasure till their stones are dust, and their names but a fleeting memory!

But other pilgrims come toiling up the hill in twos and threes, so we turned and went with them. In front of the church is a little Piazza, with a tall, dark, iron cross on one side, bearing the implements of the Passion. Round the Piazza were ranged little stalls for the sale of sweets, and the little flat yellow cakes with a cherry in the middle, without which no Italian *fiesta* is complete.

And lest anyone be foolish enough to take exception to this method of mixing the temporal with the spiritual, let me remind him that religion is an essential part of an Italian peasant's being, and that "Serve yet the Lord with gladness" is the text that rules his relationship towards this world and the next. Inside the church was the wonderful flower carpet. It was certainly very beautiful, reaching as it did down the centre of the nave, from the altar rails to the door. The Lamb of the Apocalypse, the Sacred Monogram, and the Arms of the Franciscan Order, succeeded each other, enclosed in conventional designs, all entirely made in flower petals, which, with their dying breath, cheerfully gave their sweetest odours to do homage to the Most High. Benches had been placed to preserve the carpet intact, and thus formed a narrow aisle each side, allowing the motley crowd to wander in and out at will. For a while we sat and watched them; though it was late afternoon, Compline had not yet begun; but there was a stir in the church and an air of suppressed excitement which invariably heralds the forming of a procession. Little girls in white bustled in and took up a position at one side of the altar-rails; these were followed by older girls, obviously belonging to a Guild, dressed in their best and wearing the large white straw hats, known as leghorns, which is part of the national dress of Siena. Tourists, American and otherwise, appeared, disappeared and re-appeared; and a couple of Dominican Fathers came in with a number of small boys, evidently the First Communicants of

their parish. Old peasant men and women tottered in to say a prayer before their favourite shrine, and it only needed the coming of the Sisters of Charity with a number of children, to complete the picture.

Just then I heard a stir behind me: a lay-Brother had come in to one of the side chapels bearing a number of long waxen torches so familiar in every Italian procession. He was instantly besieged by a number of small boys, each anxious to secure the honour of carrying one. It was a touch of nature that wrenched my mind violently from the bright coloured scene before me; it all seemed to fade, and in its place rose the vision of a little grey, stone-built, wind-swept village, far away in England amid the Cotswold Hills. Here, too, is hurry and bustle, for are not the children starting off to join in the Corpus Christi procession of a neighbouring parish? The little girls, chosen to represent the Mysteries of the Rosary, are packing up their white frocks and veils, the Joyful Mysteries with blue wreaths and sashes are entreating the Sorrowful Mysteries, in purple, to be careful of the banners, while the Glorious Mysteries, in red, are urging every one to make haste. At last everything and each one is safe in the big farm waggon drawn by two large steady cart horses, who seem quite to realize the importance of the occasion. The boys, secure in the knowledge that their elders have charge of their cassocks, start off on their three-mile walk. Very decorously they go at first, and then gradually quicken to a run as they near the Park, now shouting for the joy of their unwonted liberty, and shouting yet again at the startled band of rabbits that seem to rise up on every side, scurrying to reach the shelter of their holes. If only the elders were not quite so much on guard, there might be some water lilies to be found on the big pond, and perhaps . . . but a bell rang sharply, the Fathers came in to choir, Compline was beginning, and I came back from dreamland. The little stone-built village, which is never far from my thoughts, went back to its niche in my memory from whence nothing can efface it, not even the gracious brilliancy of an Italian smile!

Compline over, the procession formed into line. The Cross-bearer, Acolytes, and the Guilds went down the side of the church and waited by the door; only the Community came down the nave, their sandalled feet making but little impression on the Carpet of Flowers; the small Acolytes

who followed, gathered up their red cassocks, and hopped over outlying portions of the design. And last of all, under the gold draperies of the canopy, came the King of Kings, borne down the church, out of the great doors and into the Piazza beyond. Caught in the crowd, we were some minutes before we could get out. When we did so the Piazza was full of people, and the procession was already winding up the steep road to the top of the hill. On either side of the road were vines alternating with strips of wheat, and higher up to the left was an olive grove. Corn, and wine, and oil, were all there, ready to expend themselves in the service of their Creator. In the distance the blue of the mountains was sharply outlined against the horizon, while the hills nearer to us were of a delicate almond green. The procession had now reached the top of the hill, and for one moment the gold draperies of the canopy, hovering like some beautiful bird, showed clearly against the pearly blue of the sky, and on either side stood tall, dark cypress trees like a frame to the picture. Then it turned to the left and disappeared into a wood of stone pines with a thick undergrowth of small oak. But only for a few minutes; the procession emerged from the wood and once more the canopy was plainly visible, but this time through the delicate lace-like tracery of the olive grove; then it went down the hill and was lost to our sight.

The procession was going a long way, we were told, and it would be some while before it returned. Even in that short time the light had begun to fade and the shadows to lengthen; the blue of the mountains was less vivid, evening was coming on, and it seemed as if a delicate silver veil had been drawn over the landscape. So we turned homewards down the steep little path through the farmyard. Distant sounds from the procession came to us from time to time, the bells of Osservanza were ringing joyously, and an answering peal came across the valley from Siena. A little murmuring breeze had sprung up, and a nightingale was singing in the cypress trees. So with these sounds in our ears, and the beauty of it all in our hearts we went our homeward way, feeling that the memories we bore with us would live "until the dawn breaks and the shadows retire."

BLANCHE LEIGH.

Mystic and Humanist.

A STUDY OF THE LOVES OF DANTE AND PETRARCH.

AT first sight it would appear as though the love-stories of Dante and Petrarch had been very similar. Each poet worshipped a married woman, a cold and elusive lady who died young. Each cherished all his life the fragrant memory of his beloved, and old age found one of them still composing plaintive little dirges, and the other writing epics of praise, in honour of her who was long dead.

But on looking below the surface a great difference is apparent in these two passions; all the difference between Mediævalism and Renaissance.

Dante was a true son of the Middle Ages, of that strange time and soil which often produced upon the same stem blooms of gorgeous evil and pale lilies of utter spirituality. His was a nature of extremes. Had he not climbed into the very heart of Paradise he must have remained in the nethermost abyss of Hell: for him no middle course was possible. When for his salvation he learnt to love a pure woman, it was to him as though he saw the heavens opened. First as maid, and then as wife he watched her pass in serenity through life to her early death, and he knelt and adored. He craved from her nothing more than a gentle glance, a word of greeting. He "feasted among the lilies."

But Petrarch could not look upon a woman so. Perhaps it was because the old simple time was past when a poet could love his friend's wife and think no sin, for the Renaissance was already dawning, and the outlook of all men was becoming every day more earthly. Perhaps it was only that Petrarch's nature was not capable of very great spirituality. Be that as it may, the fact remains that where Dante was the reverent knight Petrarch was the tiger chained.

Not only Petrarch's own temperament, but his surroundings and education were favourable to the growth of the fierce passion. Tuscan by birth, he had been brought to Avignon

at seven years of age by his exiled parents. From that time he lived in the memory-haunted land of Provence, absorbing, with the very air he breathed, traditions of immortal griefs and weeping lovers. In those days Avignon, although it was the dwelling of the Pope and the centre of the Christian world, still cherished sparks of the old amorous fire of which the troubadours had sung. The town was the seat of a Court of Love, ruled by a tribunal of women, who drew up a code for their knights, and held tourneys and endless pageants as of yore. In Provence, more than elsewhere, Love was openly acclaimed the great master of the world.

It was in such an atmosphere that Petrarch's boyhood was passed. It was not wonderful, therefore, that when in the joy and strength of his two and twenty years, being no austere Dante, but intensely, vitally human, he happened to meet a very beautiful lady, he should be carried out of bounds on the tide of his own emotion.

He himself tells us that it was in the noon of a spring day that he first saw Laura. The date was April 6, 1327. It was Good Friday and he entered the Church of Saint Clare in Avignon; there he saw a young and slender woman kneeling at her devotions. He has described her so often that we know quite well how she must have looked as she prayed there; we can see how the light from the pierced windows glowed in the coils of her yellow hair and brightened the pale oval of her face. He has recorded that she was clothed in a gown of green and purple. From thenceforth the violets and tender leaves of April were specially beloved by him, because they wore the colours hallowed by his lady in that first hour of their meeting.

It is not probable that he spoke to her that evening, but we know from his verses that later they met often and conversed as friends. That was the only happy time of Petrarch's love, before he had yet said the irrevocable word that froze Laura into reserve. While he approached her gently and reverently she was kind to him, permitted him to visit her and sometimes to accompany her when she strolled among the fields and woods. But one day, when his passion's tide grew beyond bearing, he broke down. All the pent-up agony he had repressed for months, perhaps years,—we do not know how soon the outburst came—overflowed. Once he began he spared her nothing; the whole of the man's tortured, bleeding soul was laid naked before her. Then Laura was afraid.

This was not the *cavaliere servente* she had imagined, the devout lover whom she had graciously permitted to kiss the tips of her fingers. This was a raving maniac, who besought and praised and threatened in one breath, as he cowered at her feet with tears and clutched the folds of her dress.

From that moment Petrarch was shut out from his Eden. As long as he lived Laura met his pleading with the coldest reserve. "From clear, fair, polished and living ice, comes forth the flame that burns me and destroys," he says of himself. Not only did all her favours cease, but from that day forward, whenever she saw Petrarch approaching, she drew her veil over her face, or, if obliged to uncover her head in his presence, she would raise her hand to shield herself from his gaze. "I never saw thee willingly leave aside thy veil, O! Lady, nor in sun nor shade, since thou hast known my great desire," he writes to her in a ballad. "While I hid my dear thought away I was suffered to behold thy forehead crowned with mercy. But so soon as thou wast ware of love in me, the golden hair was veiled and all the gentle glances gathered up."

And again in a sonnet he bewails the same sternness. There is nothing in the world, he declares, which causes him so much pain "as a veil, which shadows two beautiful eyes, seeming to say: 'Now be thou consumed and weep.' . . . And of a white hand also I make moan, because it is always ready to grieve me, becoming a screen against my eyes."

Yet, womanlike, Laura did not choose to see her lover desert her for another, and for all her modesty she managed to keep his adoration for one and twenty years, in spite of his frantic efforts to free his soul from the fetters. She tempered her haughtiness occasionally with a little kindness, and when she had all but driven him to despair she would raise him again in a moment to the seventh heaven of delight by granting him a smile or a friendly word.

Petrarch himself realized in after years, with that keenness of vision with which every man sees his own past, that it was these very fluctuations of hope and fear which kept him so long her slave. "Sweet coldness, quiet denials, full of chaste love and pity!" he cries out after her death; "delicate scorns, which tempted my flaming desire, and yet (as I now can see) fostered it." And then, as though he fears such an admission may be prejudicial to the dear name of his lady, he continues on a higher note. "Gentle speech, in which were

crystally apparent perfect courtesy and perfect purity! Thou flower of goodness! Thou fountain of beauty! Thou didst banish all vile thoughts from my heart."

Of course it is customary to consider that Laura was only an allegorical figure. Was there ever an heroic tale that was not pronounced a myth? But in this case the existence of Laura is easy to prove, since Petrarch himself vouches for it in one of the most intimate of his letters.

Petrarch's patron, Giacomo Colonna, Bishop of Lombez, was the first to declare Laura an allegory. It is extraordinary how such an idea could arise in the brain of anyone who has read Petrarch's verses. The love he shows is so obviously very earthly and real. To do the Bishop justice he does not seem to have been serious in his allegation. He had written a jesting letter professing to believe that Petrarch's devotion to St. Augustine was merely put on, and that the mysterious Laura whom he courted was but an emblem of the poet's crown which he hoped to win. Petrarch's sad reply runs as follows:

Thou sayest that I have invented the name of Laura that no true Laura dwells in my heart save that laurel which is the honour of all poets and which, from my many studies, is seen to be the summit of my desires. The other Laura, the living and breathing lady of whose beauty I say I am the captive, that must be a mere invention, you think? I have counterfeited in my verses and feigned my sighs? Oh! would to heaven that thou in jesting hadst spoken truth! Would that my love were a toy and not, as in melancholy truth it is, a frenzy. . . . I grant that, being healthy, we may with movements of the body and otherwise simulate illness, but to pretend to be pale and emaciated, no! that we cannot do. And thou knowest well what is my pallor and what my pain. . . . But wait awhile and thou shalt behold Cicero's saying verified in me: "Time wounds and Time heals." And against Laura, whom thou declarest to be imaginary, that other feigned friend, Augustine, may help me. For much reading and meditation of his works will make me old before my time.

This letter proves, if proof were needed after the perusal of his sincere and passionate verses, how real and how suffering was his love. His grief was constant, his joys were brief and rare. The *Canzoniere* is one long lamentation, yet sometimes he glories in the very anguish. In the same breath he exclaims, "O living death, O most delicious pain!"

"I find no peace," he cries. "I have no means for war. I fear and I hope. I burn and I am ice. I fly above the heavens, I am prone on earth. My arms are empty, yet I hold all the world. I have no eyes and I see. I have no tongue and I wail. I long for dissolution and I crave for help. I hate myself and I love another. I feed on woe. Weeping I laugh. I loathe both life and death. In this state I am, Lady, because of you."

The letter to Giacomo Colonna touches upon another important point, confirmed by the *Canzoniere*, which is that Petrarch regarded his love as a sin. Here the gulf of difference widens between him and Dante. There are some souls to whom Love comes like a prophet, like the arch-priest of a mystic religion, and if these souls fall away from allegiance to their Love, they are no better than renegades. Such was Dante and he knew it. He realized that if he wished to fulfil his vocation he must always keep the image of Beatrice bright in his heart. And the more he thought of her the more he strove to become worthy to serve her. "In my meditations," wrote Dante, "a gentle desire, born of the great desire which I endure, draweth all my faculties towards well-doing. . . . I am all hers and I will it so; since Love hath thought me deserving of this great honour." Such love as this is rare. It is the watchfire which God kindles only on the mighty hills.

But Petrarch's passion was never of the kind that was a safeguard to his soul; he fell into his worst faults during the very years when he was most devoted to Laura. He, like Dante, saw his path clear before him, but unlike Dante, knew his love to be no holy beacon light. For one and twenty years he strove to rid himself of that evil flame that was devouring his life and burning away all that was best in him. It was this interior strife that drove him to interminable journeys on a fruitless search for peace. In vain did he ride madly from Avignon, in vain did he take his restless course through France, Germany, Italy and the Low Countries, for the thought of Laura went with him everywhere. He seemed to see her dimly in the shadow of alien woods; the whiteness of her face mocked him among the snows, and the glory of her hair in the sunrise; the slender sapling trees recalled her grace; her voice murmured in the wind and in the stream. "I never saw, after the night rain," he says, "the wandering stars pass through the clear heaven

and glimmer on the frost and dew without remembering those beautiful eyes for which I am on fire for ever." Poor haunted man! entangled in a love that was sheer pain, how gladly would he have died to be at rest. It was not on earth that he could find help. "I am so weary under the ancient burden of sin and the guilty custom that I greatly fear to faint upon the way and to fall into the hands of mine enemies," he cries in the anguish of his heart. "But there came to deliver me a Mighty Friend through His high and ineffable courtesy. Then He flew away out of my sight, so that I strive in vain to behold him. Yet His voice still echoeth here below. 'O ye that labour, this is the road. Come ye to Me.'"

This mental attitude of Petrarch has led to much discussion. Some, following the guidance of the learned Koerting, have settled that the poet was a priest and therefore his love was wicked. It seems to me that there are more arguments against this supposition than in favour of it.

We know that Petrarch confided in many people concerning his devotion to Laura. They seem to have taken a benevolent interest in his state—so true a love was a pretty thing to watch. Surely there would have been found at least one friend to reprove the sin, had he been really a priest? Then again, how should Giacomo Colonna, that stainless son of the Church, treat so grave a matter in such a jesting mood? In later years, long after Laura's death, Petrarch himself set forth in a letter a thousand good reasons for not taking a wife, but he never once mentions what would be an all-sufficient reason: his vow of celibacy. Would this not seem strange if he were a priest?

The passage in question is worth quoting, apart from its important reference to the subject at hand, as a sample of Petrarch's other style, vastly different from that of the *Canzoniere*. Many of his letters were penned in this biting humour. The fragment, the form of which is imitated from the classic dialogues he so much admired, was written as a specimen of the remonstrances which his acquaintances addressed to him concerning his solitary life.

"Why truly dost thou not resolve to take a wife?"

"Friend," I answered, "I am not Orpheus. If it were permitted to me, as it was to him, to turn back when I wished, perhaps I too would try and enter Hell!"

"This is nonsense, but explain to me, I pray thee, the true cause of not taking a wife."

"Tell me rather why I should desire one."

"To have a companion, a friend ——"

"A friend, thou sayest? a companion? In sooth, a fine one. Dost thou know what thou wouldst procure for me? A continual grumbling, a tiresome suspecting, an importunate jealousy, a domestic tribulation, a continual fever," and so on through an hundred abusive *similes*, but not a word of the priesthood.

It is indubitable that Petrarch did pass through some of the minor orders, not from any vocation, but because he was alone in the world and poor, and the best way to obtain money and advancement was to become what was called a "cleric." To take these few steps on the threshold of the church were sufficient to enable a man to occupy a canonicate or even a higher post, without any abnegation of earthly joys.

Of course it is the knowledge that Petrarch took these preliminary orders which has caused the world to make him into a priest at once, not realizing the lax custom of the time, when laymen could profit of the Church's riches merely at the cost of a few spoken words which entailed no sacrifice.

Even if it be agreed that Petrarch was perfectly free to marry if he choose, it does not seem very difficult to understand why he felt his passion to be wrong. He could not marry Laura, and his love for her was madness. How should he feel aught but sinful, remembering that dread commandment of God: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife."

There is a further important difference between the authors of the *Vita Nuova* and the *Canzoniere*. Dante in all his writings has only two references to the physical loveliness of Beatrice. Once, in the *New Life*, he says: "She hath the paleness of a pearl that's fit in a fair woman," and in the *Divine Comedy* he speaks of her eyes. He calls them *smeraldi*, emeralds; perhaps they were of that dreamy green that is to be seen under the brows of many a delicate Florentine Madonna. For the rest he sings only of her goodness, her purity and of the mystic union of their spirits.

But Petrarch was so enamoured of "that fragile and transient thing, which is but wind and shadow and is called beauty" that he can scarcely find time to think of her soul. He is all occupied in praising the fair body of his Laura.

As a student of literature has remarked, the only feature which he has not described is her nose. We do not even know whether Beatrice was dark or blond, but Petrarch not

only speaks of Laura's golden hair, which in the light of noon was almost too dazzling to look upon, but he tells us how she dressed it—in a thousand complicated twists and knots, adorned on festal days with strings of pearls. Dante has shown the world but the shadow of his lady, whereas Petrarch took care to leave a highly detailed portrait of Laura. Beneath "the peace of her tranquil brows," her eyes shone deeply blue and imperturbably serene—"my faithful stars," says Petrarch. Her mouth was "the beautiful mouth of an angel, full of pearls and roses and sweet words." Her face was swept sometimes by sudden paleness, sometimes by so lovely a flush that the enamoured poet cries out: "O flame, O roses strewn in softest folds of living snow!" He has described her figure—tall, willowy, slender, with delicate curve of bosom; her hands, long-fingered and taper; even her foot with its exquisite arch. She had a sweet voice for singing, or so the lover thought, and he tells us of a trick she had of dropping her lids and sighing before she commenced her song. Petrarch dedicated a whole poem to the immortalizing of this little characteristic.

Such was Laura, outwardly cold, sweet, calm, untouched; inwardly a relentless coquette. All Petrarch's passion never succeeded in calling either gleam or shadow into her eyes, but she kept him mercilessly, irrevocably hers.

Perhaps it was not wonderful that Petrarch's long absences could not cure his love sickness, considering that his journeys always ended sooner or later in Avignon. It was not entirely his weakness in the hands of Laura which drew him ever back to Provence. There was another and more worldly reason. Cardinal Giovanni Colonna, brother of Giacomo, lived at the papal court; he was a powerful protector to Petrarch and had obtained many a lucrative post and commission for him. The poet did not want to lose such a friend.

Petrarch thought at last to have found a plan which would enable him to live near the Cardinal and yet to avoid those agonizing meetings with Laura. He bought a poor little cottage at the source of the river Sorgue, in Vaucluse, the "shut valley," some few miles from Avignon, and here he installed himself among his books, to lead in the solitude a life of utter austerity. He held frequent communication with the Cardinal, who, accompanied by other friends from the city, used often to come and visit Petrarch in his fragrant country dwelling, to feast with him upon his pastoral fare—

milk and fruits and sour black bread, as he tells us, varied by nothing more substantial than a little trout caught by himself in the stream.

It was in this hermitage that Petrarch accomplished most of his study of the classics, devoting himself also to the perusal of the works of St. Augustine, in whom he thought to have found a kindred passionate spirit. He hoped, during the lonely months, by prayer and meditation on the saint's example, to win calm at length for his soul. But he could not banish Laura from his heart as easily as he banished her from his eyes. The solitary was always the lover, and some of the most exquisite of his verses to Laura date from the period of Vaulcuse.

"O slopes, O valleys, O rivers," he cries out there in the silence, "O woods, O fields! O witnesses of my sombre life, how many a time have ye heard me call on death!"

Yet even in his most grief-stricken moments, Petrarch knew a strange hope. If he must live, he must also grow old. The years, as they passed, were already silvering Laura's golden hair; would they not soon bring peace to her poet's wounded heart? Would not the fierce noon of love give place to a tender twilight?

"Love had promised me a quiet harbour in the ripe years of sober age. The time was coming when I would lay down the ancient load and breathe my sweet thoughts in her chaste hearing; when she would sigh and answer me perhaps some holy words, what time both our heads were white and our faces changed."

Alas! poor lover! he was never to taste this piteous consolation. Death, upon whom he called in his hours of frenzy, passed him neglectfully by and laid a cruel hand upon his lady. While still in the strength and fulness of her life, Laura fell a victim to the plague in the terrible year of 1348.

Petrarch was far away when she died. He had started on one of his long wanderings through Italy some months before the outbreak of the pestilence, yet a dim foreknowledge of evil saddened their last meeting. Petrarch's soul was filled with a new disquietude as he set his face towards his native land, for he seemed to feel a darkness closing about Laura.

What dread is mine, when I recall to mind that day when I left my grave and thoughtful lady, and my heart with her. I

see her again as she stood humbly among the other beautiful women, as a rose amid lesser flowers. She was not glad nor sorrowful. She seemed as one who fears a little but has no other grief. She had laid aside her usual gay things, her pearls and garlands and bright gowns, her laughter and her song and sweet human converse. Thus in doubt I left my life. Now sad omens and dreams and black thoughts assail me; please God they may be vain.

In those days of unquestioning belief in the unseen, no space could separate the lover from the beloved. He had a strange consciousness of far-away happenings, a knowledge of the good or evil that was about his distant lady. In spite of the miles that lay between them Petrarch and Laura held direct communication of soul to soul at the time of her last agony. As she lay sick of the dread disease, perhaps abandoned in the cruelty of panic by those who should have tended her, she must have thought with a great longing of her faithful lover. At the same hour he, sleeping in distant Verona, dreamed that she stood by his bedside and spoke with him.

"Dost thou remember that last evening?" she said. "I knew it not then—but now I tell thee in very truth—thou must never hope to see me again on earth."

It was not until two weeks after her death, while he was at Parma, that he received the confirmation of what he already knew. He straightway took his pen and in his curious black-letter writing, set down an infinitely pathetic note at the end of the volume of Virgil which he carried always with him.

Laura, a shining example of virtue in herself and for many years made known to fame by my poems, first came visibly before my eyes in the season of my early youth, in the year of our Lord 1327, on the 6th day of the month of April, in the Church of Saint Clare of Avignon, in the morning. And in the same city, on the same sixth day of the same month of April, at the same hour of Prime, but in the year 1348, the bright light of her life was taken away from the light of this earth. . . . Her most chaste and most beautiful body was laid to rest in the habitation of the Minor Friars at evening on the very day of her death. Her soul . . . has returned to the heaven which was its home. I have thought good to write this note, with a kind of bitter sweetness, as a painful reminder of my sorrow and have chosen this place for it as one which comes constantly under my eyes.

The death of his lady made much change in Petrarch's

life. It was not only that he had sorrow for her loss, but new and strange emotions crept then into his heart. Had he not almost a sense of relief in the thought that she now belonged to no man. Even the eye of God could find no wrong in his love now that Laura had passed to the land where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage. And with the relief came a great cry of gratitude. Thanks be to that same stern God who had frustrated him in his evil designs. What remorse would have been his now if through him that purity had sinned.

And yet in the train of these thoughts came an increasing conviction that Laura had really loved him. Poor poet, was this true indeed? Be it as it may, his tears were not fewer now but less bitter than of yore, and it was sweet in dreams to hear her dead lips murmur the words he had hungered for so long in vain.

"She whom I burn to behold cometh to the bed whereon I languish and pitifully seated herself upon the edge. With that hand which I desired so greatly she drieth my eyes, and her words bring me a sweetness never before felt by mortal man. . . . 'Weep no more,' she saith, 'hast thou not wept enough?'"

Up to this point Dante and Petrarch have been, as poets, equal in excellence, but now comes the parting of the ways. After Dante lost his "most gentle lady," his whole art was deepened and strengthened. His grief led him straight into the heart of things. The *Vita Nuova* had been but the prelude to the song of his true life. Love's minstrel became the prophet. His voice was the voice of one crying in the wilderness and the wilderness holds the mighty music of it still.

Petrarch indeed strove to imitate his great predecessor. He too would describe a vision; he too would have his beloved the centre of a triumphal procession; he too would create immortal beings to attend on her. So he wrote the *Trionfi*. His note is very sweet, his style learned, yet there is something lacking.

Compare those verses in which each poet has treated a like theme—his meeting, while still in the flesh, with his glorified lady in a strange other world.

Dante, walking on the hill of Purgatory, sees a chariot approach him, drawn by a griffin and surrounded by the citizens of Heaven.

Around the divine chariot [he says] rose up an hundred ministers and messengers of Eternal Life. All cried out, throwing flowers above and about, "Blessed is one who cometh. . . . O give ye lilies with full hands . . . " and from beneath a cloud of blossoms, cast by hands evangelical, a lady appeared to me, olive-crowned over her white veil, clad under her green mantle with colour of living flame.

Though her face was hidden, the heart of Dante knew her. All his pulses trembled, "whereby," he cries: "I recognized the signs of the ancient flame." He, the one sinner in that pure company, dared not raise his eyes to her. She appeared so stern and regal under her veil that the angels were moved with pity for the mortal and began to sing, as a prayer for him, "In Thee, Lord, have I hoped." For his own grief Dante had not shed a tear, but now, all undone by this token of heavenly compassion, he wept.

Turn from this scene, so deeply human and yet so irradiate with unearthly light, to Petrarch's description of his meeting with Laura in the *Triumph of Chastity*.

I pass over great and glorious things that I saw and dare not tell of [he writes], and I come to speak of my lady. She wore upon her that day a white gown and had in her hand the shield that brought evil to Medusa.

He saw her bind Love to a column with chains of diamond and topaz, and then punish him so terribly "that it were enough for a thousand vengeancees." And after this chastisement of Love, Laura entered the Temple of Connubial Fidelity. "Here the fair victor . . . laid down her sacred and victorious laurels."

Petrarch, a much greater sinner than Dante, heard no word of reproach from the lips of his lady, not even when he, most unrestrained of Love's singers, chanced in the midst of the *Triumph of Chastity*. The atmosphere of his dream was not of such rarified holiness as to make him ashamed of his sullied soul. In fact there is no striking atmosphere of any kind about the *Trionfi*: Petrarch would fain rise above the human, but he could not attain the ethereal. Whence came the failure? The secret lies in this: Petrarch's love had ever been too earthly to lift him even to the gates of the other world, but Dante soared on the wings of his spirituality straight into the golden centre of the "Eternal Rose."

M. L. EGERTON CASTLE.

Mary's Meadow Papers.

III. THE LONG PROCESSION.

"To suffer, not to die" had been the prayer which I made such a tremendous effort to pray sincerely during the two months which elapsed between my meeting with my Kindred Soul and his asking me to marry him. There was a constant endeavour to desire no change in my state of life, unless such an alteration of circumstances would make it easier for Betty to become a Saint; there was a desperate struggle to put all wish for personal happiness quite out of the question. But when once I was convinced by my Director that a father's influence and example would render our family life more perfect, that the advent of another parent would be an advantage in every way for my adopted daughter; when once we *were* married and had settled down together in our little home, I desired neither to suffer nor to die; in fact I must admit quite frankly I was human enough just to want to "live happily ever afterwards."

Pain was the price, however, which we were first required to pay. A football accident necessitated an operation on an injured knee, involving great agony; and then directly my Beloved came safely back from hospital, I strained myself, lifting too heavy a weight, and got dreadfully ill.

Why I should have waded into the river to pull a dead sheep from the rocks, where it had stuck fast, out into the full current of the stream, no one can tell—/ least of all! though at the moment it struck me as the inevitable thing to do. A decaying carcase was not a pleasant or a healthy thing to have lying near one's garden gate, and for several days I had been trying to persuade working men and boys to make an effort to move it on; but neither the good deed in itself nor the force of my arguments appealed to anybody—so I did it myself. That was all, as it seemed at the moment. Time to regret such an act of rash impetuosity was provided for me by the weeks and months of suffering

that followed. This was not exactly the beginning which we should have chosen for our married life, and it almost seemed as if Almighty God had not been pleased with our idea of an ideal wedding (we had chosen to be married on Christmas-eve, because it was the one day in the year which could be begun and ended with Holy Communion); for the first year He sent us pain, and for the second poverty, not till the third year could we do more than "turn in our anguish whilst the thorn was fastened"—and then came peace, such a peace, that we understand now how for this it was worth while to wait and to suffer.

Of course people spoke to us of the "new house" superstition. It is believed that a death occurs within a short time after a newly-built house is occupied, and I was told that the notion could be traced back to very primitive times, when the ritual of the foundation of a town, village, or house, consisted in killing, or burying alive, or building into a wall a human victim as "a foundation god." Sometimes the old builders immured a living victim, chaste and unspotted of the world, in the foundations of their towers, that the soul, flying upwards, might animate and defend the soaring walls. Later on animals took the place of human victims; still later the shadow of a person passing by was allowed to fall on the building in erection. If there was no offering, it was supposed that the first occupier soon died, taking the place of the human or animal victim not offered.

For us and our new home the Holy Sacrifice was offered on nine First Fridays of the month, and I was able to receive Holy Communion at each Mass until the last, and then it may have been that our dear Lord allowed me to suffer because He lovingly desired to be my Guest. It was worth while being ill to have the Blessed Sacrament brought down to Mary's Meadow, this being, in all probability the first occasion, since the old days of pilgrimage, that He had travelled through the Uncared-for Street, passing His Monastery and the Weeping Cross.

Many a time, in the guise of suffering humanity, was He to be welcomed at our door; but just this once, at the beginning of our married life, He deigned to come in royal state, beneath the sacramental veil, as though to say, "I am the Victim who has been offered for the established happiness of your home." And I was so thankful to have a Catholic husband to arrange my table with vases of flowers and

candles, and to lend me his statue of the Sacred Heart, and his *Garden of the Soul*.

There is no sympathy like religious sympathy. I had "passing great joy of him, greatly loving him before all other knights of the world, as of right I ought to do"; (like the anchoress in the *Morte d'Arthur* to whose window came her nephew, Sir Percival de Galis). Often he would come to my window, to see how I fared, and I could not help wishing for "a screen to draw back when I held a parliament,"—a covering-screen of double cloth, black with a cross of white through which the sunshine would penetrate—sign of the day spring from on high. Otherwise my bedroom, with its three openings, was very like the chamber of a recluse:—the window from which I could see Our Lady's Bower and meditate upon heavenly things, was equivalent to her window into the adjoining church; the door to our dressing-room was equal to her opening to the maiden's room from which she was served; and the door to our Mary-room resembled her parlour window, to which all might come who desired to speak with her.

Playing at being Juliana of Norwich amused me during a long confinement to a small room, which was not amusing in any other way. And best of all our Lord's revelations to her, I found the vision in which He informed her of all that was needful for her to know:—"Synne is behovable, but al shal be wel, and al shal be wel; and al manner of thyng shal be wele."

In times of trial and desolation when everything feels utterly wrong it is a great comfort to remind oneself continually that "all shall be well"; and after a short course of this exercise (far shorter than one would have imagined possible), the future tense becomes the present, and one finds with great relief that really "all *is* well."

How differently things turn out to what one expects! I had planned for my little future Saint to play in the alcove of the Martha-room whilst I was always hard at work; instead of which, so as to be near my sofa she had to bring her toys and bricks on to the wide window-ledge of the Mary-room, facing the Bower. It was undoubtedly better so, but the idea had not occurred to me; and my natural inclination is always to resent anything of which I have not previously thought.

Being unable to get about and work, having to lie useless

day after day, almost like being dead, was a splendid corrective for a too energetic temperament; and although I very often felt that I could hardly bear it, I knew all the while that the enforced idleness was really very instructive and humiliating. The neighbourhood got on just as well, if not better, without me to fuss, and visit the poor, and see to things! It is remarkably good for one to discover that one is not really of the slightest use or importance. Sometimes, before my illness, I thought I was. A long period of inaction helps one to focus one's position in the world, and greatly enhances one's opportunities of practising Saintly virtues. In times of health and activity one is too apt to lose sight of the paramount importance of resignation to the Will of God.

Lying on the verandah that summer I found time to meditate on many things, and to say many a "Hail Mary" for the passers-by; watching them with satisfaction as they gathered our yellow bloom and wandered in our glen. Had I been out and about I should probably have warned them off, being subject to bad attacks of the possessive mood, from time to time, when I am off my guard. Fortunately Betty is never "possessive." She loves to see other people happy, freely helping themselves to what I am tempted to consider mine.

I have often been asked what I thought about during all those months of inactivity and all those hours of pain? Lying there, looking at the People's Path, I often thought of something which Archbishop Ullathorne had said:—"God beholds the two paths that issue forward from this point of your life, and their end. He says to you, 'Have you most confidence in Me, whose ways are a mystery, or in nature, whose ways are manifest? . . . Do you trust to a visible path marked out for you by nature, or to the invisible path marked out by faith?'"

I thought of the old legends of Royalty, and of the crown which I had always meant to wear: long ago I had realized that the only kingdom is the kingdom within, and I knew now that the crown was a crown of thorns. I thought of the procession of pilgrims, who would come some day to be healed at our Lady's fountain; each bearing his own burden, and carrying his own cross after the Master; and I understood that each must play his part well so as not to spoil the long procession. I thought of the People's Path through our

meadow as the three-fold mystic way: from the gate to the turning down the glen was the Purgative way, very muddy and sticky, signifying if you do what you don't like, and don't like, and don't like, then you will get yourself in condition for climbing up the hill, in the Illuminative Way,—still heavy going, but with far more light, and you rise considerably higher. Pausing by the stile, at the top, there comes the sight of the tower of St. Lawrence's Church, and the sunset sky, and the glorious view of the hills beyond. In the glen below you see the river through the dark ivy-clad stems of the willow trees, like a peep of the background of Leonardo di Vinci's *Holy Family*, and you realize here is peace at last, and union with God. You will exclaim with Elsie, in the *Golden Legend*, when she looked down on Italy from St. Gothard's Pass: "What land is this that spreads itself beneath us? . . . Land of the Madonna! How beautiful it is! It seems a garden of Paradise."

I thought of the time when I told my solicitor that I saw Betty's future home in this very meadow, and of his polite surprise, not knowing how to reply to an argument of that sort!

I thought of my dream now as all accomplished—all and more than I had ever hoped for. Only one detail of the vision still remains unfulfilled: still do I see our Lady's Fountain on the grassy knoll by the winding path; our Lady holds the Little Lord, and the Little Lord holds out the cup of healing water, and I long for the deaf, and dumb, and blind, and crippled pilgrims to come and drink, knowing that when once they have tasted of that cup they will lay aside their crutches and go rejoicing home, as they used to do in the merry days of yore.

I see it all so plainly. But no one else does! And when I point it out, even to very dear and intimate friends, they look at me a little anxiously, as if they feared I might not be quite well.

However, all things come to those who are prepared to wait, and suddenly one day, when I was up and out and gardening, the procession I awaited seemed to come. Undeniably there was the tramp of many human feet along our meadow path. I heard quick, eager women's voices asking where it was supposed to be? Men were explaining, children excitedly were keeping up a fire of rapid questions, and rushing on in front, and doubling back, and nearly falling into the river; their mothers, laden with heavy babies, having

got left behind for a while, amongst the old people and the cripples who brought up the rear.

Most of the passing throng, I could not fail to observe, looked well, remarkably well; but beneath the surface (since they were hurrying to my healing waters) there must be sorrows and troubles which I could not see;—the procession itself, the procession which I had had in my mind so long, everyone could see, *at last!* I called to Betty, and she shared enthusiastically in my delight. It seemed as though all the inhabitants of the Uncared-for Street were pouring down upon us, and we noticed with immense satisfaction that they never paused until they reached the place of Our Lady's Fountain, literally covering that semicircle of rising ground. They had come! they had really come! No intellectual vision this: here stood a crowd of working men and women in the broad light of day, with upraised faces and expectant eyes. I seized my camera. No one should ever laugh at me again. A snap-shot of this tangible reality would put the question of my Pilgrims' Path beyond suspicion; there should be no more fluctuations of mind respecting the correctness of my statement.

Some one must dream dreams and see visions. I look for the time when the healing waters, whose virtuous properties have been forgotten or ignored for more than three hundred years, will spring forth again to welcome an awakened faith. This is the stuff my dream is made of. I wondered had the moment come for its fulfilment. The suspense was almost overwhelming. How long, after I took the photograph, we waited, I cannot say. Then a far-off sound was heard in the distant heavens, a humming noise overhead. Shouts of, "He's coming!" "He's a-coming now!" "He's come!" rather took my breath away; but before I had time to realize what was happening there was a flash in the sky, and the sun shone full on what looked like the outspread wings of a beautiful, enormous, golden dragon-fly!

Next day no one denied the evidence of my camera, but the local newspapers offered a different explanation:—"Hucks gave a display of aviation which attracted an immense number of onlookers from all the country round." And as the performance took place just over our meadow, that piece of vantage ground which stands to me for "Our Lady's Fountain," was seized upon by the crowd as a likely spot from which to witness the display.

In the mystic game of "let's pretend" the first rule is:—never under any circumstances allow yourself to be disappointed. Betty and I were genuinely glad to have that new photograph to paste in our "Idea of Mary's Meadow Scrap-book" as a milestone (although not a single member of the crowd had a notion that the spot whereon he stood was holy ground, we still feel that the fact of so many people having stood there brings us immeasurably nearer to the fulfilment of our dream); and we turn to look at it from time to time whilst we still hopefully await the real Procession.

VIOLET O'CONNOR.

THE ARTIST.

For him the shadows fall, the wonder-light
Glimmers and gleams;
His is the seeing far beyond our sight,
For him the vision of the world's delight
Irradiates his dreams.

He hath a bread to eat we may not know,
A breath divine
Kindles within his breast Love's living glow:
His bread is Joy, and earth's eternal Woe
His sacramental wine.

For him the shadows fall, the wonder-light
Glimmers and gleams;
He is God's darling, steeped in Joy or Woe,
Worth all our petty lore it were to know
One faint reflection of that living glow
Which shines upon his dreams.

MARY SAMUEL DANIEL.

Frédéric Mistral.

FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL, the poet of Provence, was born in the year 1830 in the little village of Maillane, near Arles. His father belonged to the sturdy race of peasant proprietors which was even then fast dying out: he had fought as a volunteer during the Revolution, and carried wheat to the gates of the capital for the relief of the starving citizens.

This François Mistral married twice; his meeting with his second wife, the mother of our poet, was truly idyllic: it was the harvest season, and he was standing watching the bevy of girls gleaning the ears of corn after the reapers, when, like Boaz, he noticed one that surpassed both in grace and beauty her fair companions. She was Délaïde, one of the mayor's many daughters, whose slender resources compelled them to take any employment that offered in order to find the wherewithal for their frocks and ribbons. Six months later the farmer brought her as his bride to the comfortable old house under the cypress trees: and from this Scriptural union sprang the great Catholic poet.

At the age of six months, on St. Joseph's day, the traditional swaddling-bands that kept his tiny limbs firm and straight, were removed, and according to the Provençal custom, he was taken to the church and placed on the altar dedicated to the Saint, and there, his mother holding him firmly by leading-strings, he made his first steps, while his godmother encouraged his efforts.

His first boarding-school was a crumbling, disused Augustinian monastery, kept by an old man, who collected his pupils by the original method of calling on the different farmers and shop-keepers and promising to give their sons free education, if the fathers on their side would provide the school with fuel and food, or in the case of the carpenter and locksmith, do the necessary repairs for the dilapidated monastery. The tuition seems to have been scanty, for the master was generally searching for more pupils, whilst the

two laicized seminarists who were supposed to assist in the classes often took occasion to dismiss the boys to play in the woods.

This unconventional schooling came to an untimely end owing to the sudden break-up of the establishment, due to lack of servants and provisions.

Frédéric was then placed at school in Avignon, in those days a dismal town with narrow, dirty streets, crowded with partizans of the two conflicting political sects, who were ever on the look-out for pretexts for quarrelling. The school was in the same block of buildings as the convent of St. Clara, where Petrarch saw his Laura.

It was the boy's first introduction to the world, and it was the awakening of his love for his native tongue. In the *Mas du Juge*, as his father's house was called, the Provençal language was the one medium of speech; and even at the monastery it predominated. But here, when the soft vowels of his mother-tongue fell from his lips, the boys laughed, and the masters roughly reminded him that French, the language of culture, was the only form of speech permitted. He writes:

I felt humiliated not only personally but in my family and my race. I longed for one thing: to have my revenge by reinstating my almost holy mother-tongue which by threats and taunts we are taught to look down upon and to forget. . . . I was determined never to adopt any profession that would oblige me to use a language that had been forced on me.¹

The only lesson that he learned to love was his Virgil, which reminded him of the stories he had heard of his own country, the troubadours, the courtiers of Queen Jeanne and their love ditties. He was later removed to another school, where he was so fortunate as to find a kindred spirit in the young usher, Roumanille. These two, however, did not become aware of their common sympathies until one Sunday evening the young man discovered Frédéric scribbling a Provençal version of the fifty-first psalm in his Vesper-book. Roumanille was in correspondence with various Provençal verse-writers, and it was a revelation to Frédéric to find that others like himself were mourning over the literary desolation of his country. He would accompany Roumanille to the library, where they would spend hours hunting among the

¹ Roux, *Le Jubilé de Frédéric Mistral*, p. 301.

manuscripts for traces of the old language. It was like attempting to excavate the ruins of a buried city, for among the earlier poets many had substituted corrupt French for the rich Provençal expressions in former use, with the result that the spoken language had become quite different from the old written tongue. Drastic alterations were needed to bring the two into line, such as the suppression of certain terminal letters in the latter; but this reform, which was calculated to interest only a small circle of enthusiasts, was received with a torrent of invective from just those very persons who had scorned to make use of the Provençal tongue. For twenty years the strife raged, and during that time Frédéric Mistral and Roumanille and one or two others were slowly forming the nucleus of the well-known *Félibrige* society.

There is one incident belonging to his school-days that should not be omitted. He had just read an account of the Chartreuse of Vallebône when one day, overcome with longing to be in the woods and fields, he set off on horseback for the monastery, where, as he expressed it, when once he had persuaded the monks to receive him, "I shall walk up and down under the forest trees like the Blessed, and losing myself in the love of God, I shall sanctify myself like Saint Genet"—the local saint.

The thought of his mother's grief at his disappearance arrested him, and he turned towards Maillane to bid her a last farewell, but by the time he had reached his home his desires for the monastic life had evaporated, and all the excuse he could proffer for his unexpected appearance was that he did not like the school where he had only carrots to eat!

On leaving Avignon Frédéric went to Nîmes to take his B.A. degree, where he arrived one afternoon carrying a handkerchief-bundle packed with two starched shirts and his Sunday suit, and praying St. Baudile, the patron of the town, to soften the hearts of the examiners. Later, we find him studying law at Aix. Then came the final home-coming; he was now twenty-one, burning with zeal and resolved

first to arouse and revive the race sentiment in Provence, . . . secondly to promote this revival by the restoration of its natal and historic tongue against which the schools wage war unto death, and thirdly to restore it to favour by setting it afire with the flame of divine poetry.²

¹ *Mémoires et Récits*, p. 112.

² *Ibid.* p. 194.

We can picture him accompanying his aged father over the fields and learning the work of the different seasons; the coming of the haymakers in the spring, the reapers at the festival of St. John, and the gleaner-maidens who passed from one farm to another, sleeping at night in their little white tents scattered like sea-gulls over the fields. Then came the mulberry and olive gatherers, all singing gaily as they work; at sundown he would join the merry party in the great barn, where in the long winter evenings the women nurse their babies, the girls ply their distaffs, and the men leaning over the stalls where the beasts are sleeping, relate the old tales of the wild mountains. But there were three men who, more than all the rest, were able to communicate to him the stories of life in the olden days. There was, first, his old cousin who had marched as drum-major in the National Guard, and who now, in the summer-time, walked from one end to the other of the broad plain of the Carmague, helping the herdsmen to drive their cattle across the salt-marshes, or conversing with the shepherds, and thus picking up a wealth of legends and old superstitions. Another relative taught him his knowledge of plants and herbal medicine, while the woodcutter who came every autumn to cut away the willows that threatened to dam the course of the streams, told him of the great Rhone and its treacherous tides, and of the beavers and otters that lodge in its banks.

To the old man, François Mistral, literary composition was a religious rite; he had never himself written a line and, indeed, had but three books, the Holy Scriptures, *The Imitation of Christ*, and *Don Quichotte*. Sometimes, when all hands were needed for a press of work, he would ask: "Where is Frédéric?" "He is writing," came the reply, and immediately the old man cried out: "Do not disturb him!"

Amid these surroundings *Mireille* (*Mireio*), his first great work and the masterpiece of his life, was slowly evolved: his was no fury of composition; in the languorous south men move and think slowly, save when stirred to sudden outbursts of passion. The poem was published in 1859; it is the story of a maiden, beautiful and elusive like her prototype the goddess of the woods of Greece, and of her wooing by the lad Vincent. The whole is a curious medley of pagan superstitions and Christian faith. Lamartine, the literary dictator of his time, admired and praised it enthusiastically, and his patronage did much to establish the fame of the young poet.

It might be objected of *Mireille* that it is somewhat sensuous, but we must remember that it was not written for the calm northern critic: the poet himself declares:—

We sing only for you,
Shepherds and labourers of the homestead.

It glows with the sensuousness of that beautiful land where the senses of smell, sight and sound receive a constant and delightful stimulus.

The hero and heroine are intensely virile, the fierce blood of a mountain race courses through their veins; in one part we are taken to visit the sorcerer in the wild caves of Les Baux, in another "*Mireille*," on the eve of her death, goes on a pilgrimage to the Church of the Three Maries on the bleak, marshy sea-coast, and we assist at the semi-pagan festival which still is held there in the month of May.

It was Adolphe Dumas, himself a Provençal poet, who first introduced Mistral to Lamartine; the latter thus describes the meeting in his *Cours Familier de Littérature*. "At sundown Adolphe Dumas came in, accompanied by a handsome young man with a modest air. . . . It was Frédéric Mistral, the young village poet, destined to become, like Burns the Scotch working-man, the Homer of Provence."

A portrait of him taken at the age of thirty shows a finely-chiselled face, almost Grecian in its purity of outline, large, far-seeing eyes, in which burns a fierce fire of resolve. One might surmise that a little less faith and a little more attraction for political agitation might easily have converted him into a red-hot republican; but, as it was, his sympathies for republican ideals soon died out, and he became a man of peace, loving his own country people, and seeking to keep them faithful to the traditions of their birthplacé.

The first congress of Provençal poets took place at Arles in 1852. They came from all parts of Provence, men in whose veins flowed the blood of troubadour ancestors, whose eyes from childhood had gazed upon the Roman arches of Nîmes, Aix and St. Gilles, who had held converse with the sculptured saints in the cloisters of the cathedral of St. Trophimus: was it any wonder that they were poets? The next year another congress was held, and was even more successful than its predecessor; and gradually it became the custom for a group of these young men to meet every week, now at one place, now at another. It was at Font Segugne, a short

distance from the gorge of Vaucluse, that two years after the congress at Arles, the Society of the *Félibrige* was founded. The name was taken from an old Provençal poem on the "Seven Sorrows of Mary," in which, when speaking of the finding of her Son in the temple, it says that He was with the seven "*félibres*" of the law. But these were not the poets of the old law, but of a new dispensation, and it was Mistral who, with all the impetuosity of youth, cried out: "I swear, that even if it costs me twenty years of my life, I will frame the articles of this law, so that all men may see that our native tongue is a true language."¹

The fulfilment of this vow was the dictionary, *Lou Trésor dou Félibrige*, a compendium of all that the patient research of years could find concerning the Provençal language. The MS. has been placed in the Arletan Museum, which stands as a perpetual monument to the untiring energy of those first Provençal poets; Mistral purchased the building with a part of the money he received when his masterpiece was awarded the Nobel prize, and it contains everything that is necessary, both useful and ornamental objects, art and sculpture, to form a complete record of the Provençal race from the earliest times.

We must not imagine that the different societies of *Félibres* resembled in any way the decadent young poetical coteries of this century: their writings, like those of their beloved master, show none of the fatalistic pessimism which brands the modern neo-mystic. They were men full of joyous faith, who turned for the inspiration for their verse to the tales of their local saints and to the work they saw around them in the fields.

On one occasion, it was the eve of St. Agatha's festival, the patroness of Maillane, the poets followed the traditional procession of boys and girls to her church, and there to the accompaniment of the frenzied fiddling of the musician and the report of countless squibs and fireworks, they declaimed their poem in her honour. Was ever saint treated to so strange a first Vespers? But we must remember that we are in Provence, the land of poetry and romance.

Another time, they attended a bull-fight, the traditional game of Provence. The Spanish and Provençal bull-fights differ from one another, for the latter is less cruel than the former; at all costs the shedding of blood is to be avoided.

¹ *Mémoires et Révits*, p. 225.

It requires great skill to avoid the onslaughts of the bull and yet not wound him severely. In the last round the toreador has to vault off his horse, seize the bull by his horns, and drag him off to his stable.

In 1855 Mistral lost his beloved father, and, according to French custom, all the contents of the house and farm were equally divided amongst the heirs, in this case, three in number. Mistral took his mother to live with him in the little house in the village which fell to his share. Here he lived until his marriage eleven years later caused him to choose a more commodious dwelling close by.

In his college days he had pictured his bride riding across the stony flats of La Crau, her trident in her hand, and how he would lead her to the old farm to reign as queen over the shepherds, the herdsmen and the labourers. The dream, like other dreams, never came true, but, to judge from her portrait, his wife was a worthy choice, and presents a graceful figure in her folded kerchief, black satin frock and the traditional Arlesian ribbon cap.

None of Mistral's works reached the fame of *Mireille*, but each reveals a fresh picture of Provençal life. In *Calendal* we have the epic of the fisherman of Cassis, pursuing his bride over the rocks of le Baux, or battling with the fierce, sudden storms of the treacherous Mediterranean. The *Poem of the Rhone* belongs to his later days, and it was characteristic of his careful attention to detail that he made a special visit to Lyons in order to walk along the river banks and become acquainted with the boatmen. But the life he describes is of a past date, when a line of barges towed by as many as eighty horses came up with the tide, bearing their loads of olives, anchovies and oranges.

He never lost his fierce determination to let his own country take precedence of the Parisian capital. When *Calendal* was published, Paris was not to receive her copies until twelve or fifteen days later: even the great Zola was to be kept waiting. He refused to become a member of the French Academy because they insisted on his writing in the French language.

But if he always shunned the applause of men, they on their side came to seek him out, especially on the occasion of his eightieth birthday. Arles was crowded with deputations from crowned heads, members of the French cabinet, and of important literary societies; each had their special tribute

of praise to bestow upon the quiet old man in the soft hat who sat beside them.¹

To the last Mistral was always a convinced and practical Catholic: four years before his death he sent a loyal communication to Rome and received in return an autograph letter from the Pope and a gold medal; he expressed his gratitude in a letter burning with faith and zeal: "Your blessing," he writes, "will aid me, your son and faithful believer in the Catholic and Roman Church, to die in the faith of my baptism and of my forefathers."

He died on the feast of the Annunciation of the present year in the arms of his faithful friend, the Curé of the parish, mourned by the peasants he had loved and worked for as well as by the great world.

It is impossible yet to tell whether the impetus he has given to his native poetry will outlive him; competent French observers doubt it.² Suffice it to say that throughout the country men still meet in the barns and love to repeat the Provençal songs they have made while pursuing their daily work in the fields. And no doubt his "Institute," the *Félibrige*, so long as it holds together, will do much to perpetuate his influence in the land that he loved.

IRENE HERNAMAN.

¹ His earnestness was relieved by humour, as when he said one day to Théophile Gautier—"Quel dommage que vous parliez un dialect que personne n'entend!"

² See valuable critical and appreciative articles on Mistral in *Études* for March and April, 1914. We have not attempted to give, in English translations, an idea of the force and beauty of Mistral's poetry: such exquisite wine would ill stand decanting. We may borrow, however, from the *Études* a passage of Provençal prose to illustrate the connection of that tongue with literary French. We print the French version beneath each line—

Un grand bonur nous fai tresana en aquesto ouro: lou bonur de nous retrouba
Un grand bonheur nous fait tressaillir à cette heure: le bonheur de nous retrouver
 sempre que mai ardènt à l'entour d'aquesto taulo ounte lou sang de nòsti cor emplit
toujours que plus ardents à l'entour de cette table ou le sang de notre cœur emplit
 la Coupo freirenalò.
la Coupe fraternelle.

Modern Civilization—A Query.

IT was, until very lately, almost universally assumed by non-Catholics that, whatever its shortcomings and failures, the civilization distinctive of those nations of Europe and North America that as bodies reject the Catholic Faith is the truest and highest. This civilization has been developed and received its special character from the industrial revolution, which might almost be called its generating principle, though it springs ultimately from the so-called Reformation.¹ It will scarcely be questioned that this civilization is best studied in the home of the said revolution, in Great Britain. Until very lately one could hardly open a book of travels without finding pages of pitying contempt for the ignorant, superstitious peasants, the primitive and homely craftsmanship of the south, and homilies upon their laziness in not hastening to kindle the devouring fires of industrialism. These judgments are still axiomatic with many who pass for educated and all the half-educated who absorb the catchwords of the daily press without reflection, and to such those who question these axioms appear worse than maniacs or blasphemers. And yet it is fairly obvious that

Anarchy in thought, licence in conduct, severe opposition of class interests, and a growing melancholy which betrays itself in the shape of insanity and even suicide, cannot be deemed evidence of truth conquering falsehood, or of progress moving on to a higher civilization.²

And it is undeniable that

the nations of the world in the opening years of the new century have attained neither private happiness nor public peace, but are face to face with social discord, national rivalries, unhappy homes, spreading divorce and the dark shadow of anarchism.³

¹ "The capitalist system . . . came into being at a time when the guidance of the Church had been thrown off by the chief commercial nations." (*THE MONTH*, May, 1913, p. 524.)

² Canon Barry, *The Prospects of Catholicism*, pp. 5, 6.

³ Devas, *The Key to the World's Progress* (Longmans). Introduction.

Everywhere we are faced with break-down, dislocation and disruption. Industrial upheavals grow more menacing year by year and the ravages of insanity are increasing portentously.

The American prides himself on his smartness; but it is in his busiest market-place that spiritism, faith-healing, and impostures wilder than these, flourish exceedingly. In Paris of late years every conceivable superstition has found a home. Among ourselves, the temper which welcomed neo-Buddhism is not extinct, and ridicule fails to kill the varieties of occult science.¹

These things being so, it is truly amazing that so few should be found to raise the question not merely whether "progress" is working out satisfactorily, but whether the whole civilization be not at fault and its first principles radically wrong. This would lead on to two further questions—what is civilization, and, is our industrialism indeed civilization and not rather a reversion to barbarism?

In defining the civilization which the Church requires as an essential condition to her action, and perfects when created, we have not adverted to that which forms the great boast of our modern times, giving them an incalculable superiority, as men flatter themselves, over all which have preceded. We mean, of course, that whole apparatus of wonderful inventions and discoveries, directed chiefly to an increase of material enjoyment of riches, luxury, and comfort, such as our fathers never imagined. But—may we not add?—*neither would they ever have conceived that such things formed any integral part of the civilization of a Christian people.* Our writers have not spoken of these any more than of all the new-born political and social theories, so full of promise of future liberty and happiness, so little successful as yet in securing these blessings to humanity, because *they would certainly not have been included in the idea of civilization as our ancestors understood it.* Not but that there is a sense in which material comforts and political liberties result from Christian civilization; but as they were never the direct aim of the Church, still less were they ever sought by her without limit or restriction. They flowed as natural consequences from blessings of a higher order, and this very circumstance confined them in proper bounds, obviating the dangers which arise when they are viewed as absolute goods in themselves, a perversion which makes them degenerate into means of corruption and consequently into sources of barbarism.²

¹ Barry, *ut sup.* p. 5.

² *Dublin Review*, October, 1863, p. 582. (Italics mine.)

Yet how many are under the delusion that these material inventions constitute civilization! In these alone do we excel previous ages, and these are not an essential of civilization at all! Here surely is matter for reflection! What, then, is civilization? The late Mr. Charles Devas, by no means "a Tory reactionary," be it noted, defines it as "the condition of a large group of men displaying the following seven characteristics:—

First, the possession of a city worthy of the name; not the extended villages of the Germans described by Tacitus or of the Gauls till a short time before the Roman Conquest. Secondly, some degree of political order and power; not a clan system like that of the Scotch Highlanders described in *Waverley* and *Rob Roy*. Thirdly, some proficiency in the industrial arts, in agriculture, manufactures, mining, building, and transport; not the rude agriculture of the Kaffirs in Mashonaland, the negroes in Nigeria or the aboriginal tribes in the forests of Central India. Fourthly, some proficiency in the fine arts, in architecture, sculpture, painting and music; not the simple decorations of the royal palaces in Dahomey or Ashanti or the Celtic ornamentation in pre-Roman Britain. Fifthly, some knowledge of philosophy, history and physical science, above the standard of the peasant commonwealth of the fifteenth century Swiss. Sixthly, a written literature; not the unwritten songs of the heroic age of poetry, such as the old Greek or Norse or Celtic epics. Seventhly, a small portion of the people differentiated as an upper class with considerable wealth and leisure; not the simple equality of Red Indian tribes, or the scanty difference of social position among pastoral peoples without settled abodes or accumulation of wealth.¹

This definition is far from perfect but sufficiently accurate for working purposes. The writer proceeds to divide civilization into material and intellectual, and points out that one society may be at the same time more civilized materially and less intellectually, or *vice versa*, than another, and quotes St. Augustine on the naturalness of civilization, adding, what our evolutionists ignore or forget, "nor is it without significance that of the seven steps upward attainable by man, civilization is only the third, and four remain above it, so much greater and higher than the sphere of the physical and intellectual is the sphere of the moral and the spiritual." Then there is that comfortable word "progress," hardest

¹ Devas, *Key to the World's Progress*, ch. i. § 3.

worked of all the "counters," as Stevenson called them, that shallow moderns substitute for thought. What is vulgarly so called is mere change, no matter how foolish, or mere increase of mechanical appliances without any regard whether their effects be good or evil. Progress should mean "increase in quantity or quality of some good,"¹ and, used absolutely, of goods in general, by no means of one particular and subordinate good. Or one might define it as a change from a lower to a higher degree of well-being. To appraise the (unqualified) progress of any society, or compare it with that of another, is thus a matter of some difficulty! And as for particular progress, it is of *some* importance to know whether the higher characteristics have been sacrificed to advance in the lower, or material advance has been bought at the price of intellectual or moral retrogression! Indeed it is hard to have patience with those who prate of "progress" without stopping to consider *whither*. Even a Positivist will rise up to condemn them.

Stupefied with smoke and stunned with steam-whistles, there was a moment when the (19th) century listened with equanimity to the vulgarest of its flatterers. But if machinery were really its last word we should all be rushing violently down a steep place, like a herd of swine.²

"Rapid progress" indeed. What is the most frequently assigned cause for the unstemmable tide of insanity? "The pace at which we live." Must there not, then, be something seriously wrong with such pace, and that which produces it? Is it not just possible after all that the "backward" corners of Christendom, or what was Christendom, such as the Tyrol, Brittany, Spain, or western Ireland, central and southern Italy, that do not live at a pace inducing lunacy and suicide, may actually be wise in their refusal, may conceivably be even more *civilized* than ourselves? Indignant scorn is the usual answer. But "facts are chieftains that winna ding" and it is a fact that these "benighted" populations are far happier, saner and more moral than Great Britain, Prussia, North America or the Protestant cantons of Switzerland. And surely even from an evolutionist point of view happiness, sanity, and morality are very considerable goods, and misery, lunacy, and suicide, both individual and racial, very considerable

¹ Devas, *ut sup.*

² F. Harrison, *The Choice of Books*, p. 447.

evils? Even in this world, one would think, these "retrograde" peoples are apt to have the best of it. Perhaps, then, in spite of the higher critics, there is some bearing on political economy in the words, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."

And if the kingdom of God be also taken into account the scale would seem to weigh rather heavily against the "progressive" nations! For of them, as of individuals, it may be said

That, has the world here—should he need the next,
 Let the world mind him!
 This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
 Seeking shall find Him.

Only it seems that "that" is failing even to have the world here. England sold her faith for dominion, and is losing that; later she sold her agriculture for commerce, and is losing that. One is irresistibly reminded that "From him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have." Let us listen again to a Positivist testimony concerning modern industrialism: its eloquence will excuse its length.

To cover whole countries with squalid buildings, to pile up one hundred thousand factory chimneys, vomiting soot, to fill the air with poisonous vapours till every leaf within ten miles is withered, to choke up rivers with putrid refuse, to turn tracts as big and once as lovely as the New Forest into arid, noisome wastes; cinder-heaps, cesspools, coal-dust, and rubbish—rubbish, coal-dust, cesspools and cinder-heaps, and overhead by day and by night a murky pall of smoke—all this is not an heroic achievement if this Black Country is only to serve as a prison-yard or workhouse-yard for the men, women, and children who dwell there. To bury Middlesex and Surrey under miles of flimsy houses, crowd into them millions and millions of overworked, underfed, half-taught, and often squalid men and women; to turn the silver Thames into the biggest sewer recorded in history; to leave us all to drink the sewerage water, to breathe the carbonized air, to be closed up in a labyrinth of dull sooty unwholesome streets, to leave hundreds and thousands confined there with gin, and bad air, and hard work, and low wages,—breathing contagious diseases, and sinking into despair of soul and feebler condition of body; and then to sing pæans and shout, because the ground shakes and the air is shrill with the roar of infinite engines and machines, because the black streets are lit up with

garish gas-lamps, and more garish electric-lamps, and the Post Office carries billions of letters. . . . This is surely not the last word in civilization. . . . What do we gain if in covering our land with factories and steam-engines we are covering it also with want and wretchedness? And if we can make a shirt for a penny and a coat for sixpence, and bring bread from every market on the planet, what do we gain, if they who make the coat and the shirt lead the lives of galley slaves, and eat their bread in tears and despair, disease and filth? . . . It may be said that there is no necessary connection between great mechanical improvements and these social diseases and horrors. No *necessary* connection, perhaps, but there is a plain historical connection. Fling upon a people at random a mass of mechanical appliances which invite them to transform their entire external existence, to turn home work into factory work, hand work into machine work, man's work into child's work, country life into town life, to have movement, mass, concentration, competition, where quiet individual industry had been the habit for twenty generations, and these things follow. Wherever the great steam system, factory system, unlimited coal, iron, gas and railway system has claimed a district for its own, there these things are.

Again:

Rest and fixity are essential to thought, to social life, to beauty; and a growing series of mechanical inventions making life a string of dissolving views is a bar to rest and fixity of any sort. . . . And if this restless change weakens the thought, the culture and the habits of those who have leisure or wealth, it degrades and oppresses those who labour and suffer, for their old habits of life are swept away before the new habits of life are duly prepared; and the increased resources of society are found in practice to be increased opportunities for the skilful to make themselves masters of the weak.¹

Can any thinking man deny that this indictment, penned by an enemy of the Church and a believer in progress, is well drawn? And does it not go far to answer the question, whether our industrialism be not a retrogression towards barbarism, in the affirmative? But it may be said, these evils have been and will be further mitigated. A mitigated evil, however, is not the same thing as a good! Granting for argument's sake that multifarious mechanical invention is a good, yet it is clear that one good may be so developed at the expense of others as to become an evil, a monstrosity, like a hypertrophied imagination or a man all stomach. Is not this

¹ F. Harrison: *Ut supr.* pp. 438 sqq.

precisely the case with Great Britain? Has she not sacrificed everything for industrial development? And is it not visibly preying upon her vitals? Other countries less far advanced upon the same road have still reserves of country population to fall back upon, though there too the *Landflucht* casts an ever-growing shadow, but not so the birthland of Cobden and Arkwright. *Βέλτιστος δῆμος ὁ γεωργικὸς*, Aristotle tells us, and Leo XIII. corroborates the pagan sage, declaring that in every well ordered state there should be a multitude of small farmers, and further, that artisans should be encouraged to acquire property in land.¹

These commercial theorists, in their counting-houses and behind their ledgers, have forgotten the ethical and political character of land; how the existence of a rural population secure in their rustic homes is the natural foundation of earthly happiness and national morality; how, if no one is rooted to the soil, and everything like a bale of cotton is for unrestricted sale, it becomes a question what is the meaning of such words as country, fatherland, patriotism, or home, and whether in our commercial enlightenment it would not become as ridiculous to speak with emotion and affection of our native country and most dear fatherland, as to speak with emotion and affection of our native shirtings, hardware and breadstuffs.²

The "murder of agriculture," as it has been well called, was watched with complacent indifference until its menace frightened even the politicians, who are loud with proposals of remedy but too absorbed in rival vote-catching to do anything serious to stay the disaster. Our invincible navy ruled all the seas, trade was booming and serious rivals undreamed of, a "free" press and "free" education were preparing the millennium, mankind, elated by their new-found monkey pedigree, had settled down to "science" and self-worship, and whether God was in His Heaven or not, all was right with the world, or on the way to become so. And so the wind was diligently sown all through the boastful decades with what results we now see and ought very easily to have foreseen. But the hot-gospellers of "progress" were in possession and tickled the ears of the groundlings to such purpose that the few lonely champions of common-sense were driven to a dire life-long struggle with a nation gone mad. Carlyle's forcible arraignment of the "respectable professors

¹ See *The Pope and the People* (C.T.S.: 1s.).

² *THE MONTH*, April, 1890, pp. 582-3.

of the dismal science " with their *Schwan'sche Weltansicht* was put down to indigestion; Ruskin's unswerving loyalty to religion, sanity, and honesty in life and art, in education and economics, was hooted down by " a dim horn-eyed generation " as unique dogmatism, effeminacy, and Utopianism. Newman's insistence on the eternal truths passed unheeded.

Tyre of the West . . . Wielding Trade's master-keys, at thy
proud will
To lock or loose its waters, England ! trust not still.
. . . Thy nest is in the crags ; ah ! refuge frail !
Mad council in its hour, or traitors will prevail.¹

" Nurtured in strong delusion, wholly believing a lie," yet the nation cannot remain altogether blind to the logic of events, Heaven's light condensed in the form of lightning, as Carlyle called it, satirically adding " which there is no skull too thick for taking in." It is palpable that a " free " press and education have but called forth a degenerate, undisciplined half-taught mob, the prey of demagogues and catchwords, complicated now by the frenzy of female anarchists, " catching an opinion as it catches a cold," a manifest danger to all law and order. But what remedies can a non-Catholic society offer? Nothing but the merest palliatives. Artificial and often useless relief works will not restore agriculture, much less can divorce and despair be cured by technical education, or the impious horrors of eugenics or class hatred by discoveries in chemistry. Nor can any legislation reach the root of the matter and

all that comes
From the unwatered soul of man
Gaping on God.

What is the use of physical discoveries without a happy and healthy people to make right use of them, of mechanical appliances become masters over slaves instead of servants of men, of inventions bearing fruit in Dreadnoughts and other frightful means of destruction and bankruptcy, of steam-ploughs to traverse manless fields, of an empire on which the sun never sets whose " lords " are lodged in " sweltering dog-holes," driven to rent their very breathing-spaces, owning no inch of land, for whom the sun and sky and sea exist in vain, their slave-labour relieved by pitiful parodies of recreation? What is the use of innumerable tramways and railways that

¹ *England, Poems (Lane), p. 230.*

only lead "from a dismal illiberal life at Islington to a dismal illiberal life at Camberwell?" It is characteristic of the unthinking modern mind to exult because a machine is invented to make, say, 500 indifferent hats in the time it formerly took more and healthier men to make 15 well by hand, without dreaming of stopping to ask whether the hats are really wanted, or what has become of the dismissed workmen, or how it has affected those who remain. Immediate quantity and noisy change—these suffice to prompt the pæan and point the lamentation over those "backward" countries where the valleys yet laugh with corn, and blue skies yet overarch a healthy and contented peasantry, and distinction of rank consists with Christian courtesy.

It is hardly necessary, in view of all this, to apply in detail to modern industrialism the above-given test of the seven characteristics that constitute a society civilized. It could hardly be seriously maintained that we excel other societies except in mechanical appliances and physical research; and these are so monstrously overgrown as to threaten the life of the whole social organism. Secular education and long-fostered contempt of authority have undermined law and order, nor can any human resources long stay the advancing flood of anarchy. Retrogression to barbarism is sufficiently evident. Surely then it becomes us to ask whether we have not missed the true use of machinery and grown slaves to our own inventions; nay, even whether machinery on any wide scale be desirable at all? I am quite aware that this question will seem insane to many. Yet they will hardly claim that there was no civilization before, say 1750. It must be admitted therefore that civilization is possible without it. There are parts of Normandy, to go no further afield, where modern agricultural machinery is conspicuously absent. Go to Tivoli and you will find Virgil's wooden ploughs still in use, and, what is more, you will be told that they have been found by experience to answer best. Surely, in any case, it is better to have a healthy family owning and tilling ten acres or even five *without* machinery than one hired labourer working there *with* it, at least from a Christian point of view? Here is a picture of the thirteenth century drawn by Mr. Harrison, no partial hand:

It had great thinkers, great rulers, great teachers, great poets, great artists, great moralists, and great workers. . . . There was one common creed, one ritual, one worship, one sacred language,

one Church, a single code of manners, a uniform scheme of society, a common scheme of education, an accepted type of beauty, a universal art, something like a recognized standard of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True.¹

Mr. Hyndman admits that the Middle Ages were the golden age of labour,² and it is precisely in the "backward" regions of the world that the mediæval order with its unquestioning faith, its courtesy and content, chiefly lingers. Is it not possible then that the "backward" regions may be the preservers of true civilization, that "Christ's Folk in the Apennines" represent an altogether higher state of civilization than Berlin or Birmingham?

The mode of life of the urban middle classes of England and France in the middle of the nineteenth century was looked on as a model for all classes, and those who lived otherwise to be more or less savages; and hence there was blindness to the beauty and dignity of the frugal and simple life of a God-fearing peasantry, with its few requirements but true culture and nobility, such as portrayed, for example, in the Spanish tales of Fernan Caballero. . . . Moreover, this admirable family life among the poor is not bought at the price of their wits, but is highly favourable to their true intellectual culture. Just, for example, compare the mental and æsthetic conditions indicated by Mr. G. W. White's *Songs of the Spanish Sierras*, 1894, or Mr. Douglas Hyde's *Love Songs of Connaught*, or by Ruskin's *Road-Side Songs of Tuscany*, or by the Breton Mystery Plays described in *The Times*, October 20th, 1898, with the nightly dramatic and musical performances attended by the poorer inhabitants of London, Paris, and New York.³

Compare too, one might add, the manners of Berlin with those of Brittany. I will conclude by quoting a passage which, it seems to me, at once diagnoses the disease and points to the only remedy.

Main tests of the social position of any community are the places held in it by women and children, by the indigent and the aged: and judged by these tests Christendom stands far above any previous organization of society. But its superiority appears to me to be hardly less clearly marked in its public polity, its literature, and its art, which were all informed by the same spirit. The notion of unlimited dominion, of Cæsarism, autocratic or

¹ Quoted in *Catholic Book Notes*, October 21, 1907.

² *Historic Basis of Socialism*, ch. i.

³ C. S. Devas, *Polit. Econ.* (1907), pp. 138—170.

democratic, had no place among its political conceptions, which regarded authority as limited and fiduciary: nor did it allow of absolutism in property: the canon law expressly lays down that extreme necessity makes all things common, . . . that both clergy and laity are at all times bound to provide alms, as a duty of strict justice, even if need be by their own manual labour; for alms, in the words of St. Ambrose, are the *right* of the poor: and the giving of them rather to be regarded as the discharge of a debt than the extension of a voluntary bounty. In its literature, Dante sounds a deeper note than had gone forth from his master Virgil, and the very source of his inspiration is the austere spiritualism of the Catholic creed. In its philosophy St. Thomas Aquinas surveys the field of human thought from a loftier standpoint than any sage of Greece or Rome . . . and it was from the Crucifix that the Angelic Doctor derived his intellectual light. . . . Mediæval art, even in its rudest stage, is informed by a higher ideal than ever dawned upon the mind of Hellenic painter or sculptor or architect: by the sentiment of the Infinite, revealed in the divinely human Person of the Man of Sorrows, the Son of the Mater Dolorosa. All that was great in that vanished public order which we call Christendom, flowed from the self-abnegation which is the central idea of Christianity. Singular paradox that. This new civilization, so rich, and fertile, and varied—the direct source of all that is highest and noblest in our own age, and in each of us—should have been the work of men whose first principle it was to despise the world: that the greatest democratic movement, the most potent instrument of human enfranchisement, should have been a doctrine which made so light of personal freedom as to bid the slave not care for its loss: that the most effectual vindication of the most sacred rights of humanity should be referable to teachers who spoke only of its duties. Sublime commentary upon the saying of the Author of Christianity: “He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it.” Strong assurance that “He knew what was in man,” and that “His words shall not pass away.”¹

H. E. B. ROPE.

¹ W. S. Lilly, *The Christian Revolution* (C.T.S.), pp. 31, 32.

The Flower Mister.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

WHEN Cuthbert Cramlington brought his botanical wanderings in Connemara to a close by taking some land on the slopes of Currusmaun, and building himself a three-roomed cottage in the highest corner of his property, he showed himself possessed of the soul of an artist.

Some branch of gardening had been his profession. He was a fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society, a botanist, in his old age a man of independent, though probably slender means, and he had chosen for his home, in the heart of the wilds, a site of beauty almost unimaginable, at least when the lights and shades of summer sun and clouds were on it.

The ground fell steeply from his doorway, covered before his coming with intermingled heath and bracken, till, at the foot of the mountain, reeds and watergrasses showed vividly green where the river widened to a lake, a long winding lake that followed the curves of the surrounding mountains. These, near at hand, were grey and green, grey with granite rocks and patches of gravel, green with grass and fern and heather not yet in bloom, but further off, as tier after tier of mounds and peaks rose to the far horizon there was every shade of that most beautiful of greys, formed by the soft western air on the purple of heather or of loosestrife, the yellow of the gorse, and the blue of scabious with grass and turf and granite, and where clouds in places cast shadows amid the sunshine, there was the delicate shimmer of mother-of-pearl.

These mountains lay to the south and west. Eastward the land spread out in wide stretches of brown and yellow bog, with glittering divisions that the river and its tributaries made, and a single winding thread of grey, just the road that led, after many miles, to Galway.

The unusual sounds of the old man's name proved too much for his new neighbours, and as, with open-eyed amazement, they saw the garden beds appearing on the rough

mountain side, they christened him anew, the "Flower Mister."

Close beside the cottage nature had provided the most perfect setting for a rock and water garden, a deep glade, wide enough to be sunny during the mid-day hours, cool enough for ferns to grow luxuriantly beside the mountain stream that trickled over a bed of dark green moss, here gathering into smooth brown pools, there falling in a cascade and making tiny wreathes of white and yellow foam.

In the garden round the house all kinds of annuals and herbaceous plants grew up, but the Flower Mister kept his rock garden only for blooms of local growth. He had taken toll of all the country side to deck this dell in natural loveliness. Heather blossoms, big and small, harebells mingling the brightness of their blue with the creeping growth of yellow rock roses, the deeper blue of a late flowering gentian, the common yellow asphodel in clumps, pale primrose orchises, smelling sweetly, tiny violet heads of butterwort with their starlike leaves, the long slender stalks and delicately veined white flowers of grass of Parnassus and all the botanical treasures of bog and lake and mountain side, that had yielded themselves to one who knew the place to find them.

Outside the dell he had planted shrubs and trees as well as flowers, lilacs and laburnums, apples, pears and plums, and as they grew they formed shelter for the blossoms that showed more brilliantly every season in the soft air, and the soil made congenial to them by the Flower Mister's care.

For years after his coming to Currusmaun he had owned to no interest, no tie outside his garden. Then, to the surprise of all, a new flower had come to bloom upon the mountain side.

Rose, the well-named daughter of such a father, was the child of Cuthbert Cramlington's old age, but what the story of his life had been he never revealed. On coming to Ireland he had left her to be brought up by an aunt, and when at last she was sent to rejoin him, he seemed more like a grandfather than a father to the pretty seventeen-year-old, and though they were good friends enough when they met, she was no rival to the garden where he spent his time from dawn to dusk.

The summer was coming in when Rose made her appearance on Currusmaun. The mail car dropped her down at the riverside, where her father had remembered to send Martin

Faughran to meet her. Martin's father tended the salmon weirs that lay east and west of the lough, so he was able to combine business and pleasure whenever Rose asked him to take her on the lake. She was utterly unlike the other girls about and whilst they gazed in wonder at her simple muslin frocks and wide-brimmed shady hats, she returned their interest with frank curiosity at the bare heads and feet and short scarlet petticoats. The boys' opinion of Rose Cramlington was unanimous, though the fact that Martin Faughran had made himself her silent watchdog prevented them from showing her their admiration. She was really little more than the child her father took her for, and something of childhood lingering in Martin's own heart made him understand her, so with innate, unconscious chivalry he determined that womanhood should not be thrust upon her by any word or look of his companions. The Flower Mister was too deeply engrossed in his garden to heed the comings and goings of his daughter. In the morning she played at housekeeping for a while and then so long as the days were fine she was off on the lake with the Faughrans.

It was towards the middle of autumn. The garden was one blaze of colour, and the mountain rivalled it, though soberly, with the splendour of its heather. Rose had gone to the coastguard station at Nautamene, and coming back she met Michael Faughran on the road. He was Martin's brother, yet at Currusmaun he was something of a stranger, having been brought up by an uncle in Galway, where as he grew up he had learnt to dress and talk and act in a manner strange to dwellers on the mountain side.

None of all this had come to us of our own knowledge. The only time we saw Mr. Cramlington, he was an old, old man, wanting only four years of a hundred and very near his end. A little old man, large-headed, bowed under the weight of years and very deaf, with white hair, bare and falling in curls on the collar of his coat and mingling at the sides with his flowing beard. Horn-rimmed glasses tied with a black band round his head enabled him to see and tend his seedlings.

His garden, an oasis of beauty in the wild grandeur of bare mountains, was so amazing that the even more amazing story told in mere bald facts, by the woman whom we took to be his housekeeper, was unquestionably true, though indeed it seems scarcely less incredible than the legends of phoukas and phantoms that the old folk tell.

She told of Mr. Cramlington himself, of the coming of Rose, "a pretty, tender little piece" she called her, of Martin Faughran, and lastly of the meeting with Michael on that autumn Sunday afternoon.

"There was no harm in the gartlaher," she told us as we stood at the garden gate, where we had stopped to ask an explanation of the marvel that we had come upon without warning in our rambles. "An' she never thought but that this lad was like the others. I couldn't tell you what passed between them, only doesn't the fellow stoop over the gate, an' she goin' from him, an'—savin' your honour's favour—he takes a kiss from off her cheek. 'Twas the devil, no less, that brought out the Flower Mister at that minute. Anyways—God forgive him that same—he turned on the child, for indeed she was little better, an' put her from him for what she had done. 'Twas the bad, cruel act, an' only that the devil himself was in him, I doubt he ever could have done it. And she —. Well, she had her father's own spirit within her, God help the misfortunate child, an' she takes him at his word an' off with her. And Michael only proud and pleased to get her any ways. They waited for the mail car on the cross-road beyond: herself an' Michael—the sorrow take him—and drove all the night through into Galway, and in the morning they got married by the Government some way, for no priest or parson would have done it that quick and them differing in the faith."

"And then?" we asked, hardly crediting our ears.

"He took her off to America where he was going himself in any case, and many's the long day she's had to repent her what she did. They never wrote theirselves after, but the neighbours did be sayin' that things went against them. God help the creatures and may He forgive Michael who ought to have known better."

"Did she not try to explain to her father?" Again we questioned.

"There never was much nature between them, and I don't believe, daughter, that one line ever passed from that day. God only knows is she livin' yet. My mother, God be good to her immortal soul, she did let him know, time and again a part of the news that came, but there wasn't a show out of him that he heard a word she said."

It hardly seemed possible that the beautiful scene around us could have witnessed such a tragedy, and yet be fair and

peaceful as it was. Poor Flower Mister, what a burden to carry in silence for over thirty years. Poor father and poor, poor little neglected stricken daughter. Then we remembered another who had suffered in that tragedy.

"And Martin?" we asked.

"Sure it was the death of him, daughter." Baldly the woman stated the simple fact. "Martin, he never held his head up after she goin'. 'Twas not three months before the hots and colds got him, and though they talked of it only bein' a turn, I seen death between his two eyes from the very start. His mother wouldn't have it, nor his father neither, though the clothes, they'd gone on him, they'd lap on him now, he that was so good on the body: and he was the third boy for the Faughrans to lose. Musn't God Almighty have had the powerful wish for the family to leave them that troubled? Well, 'twas not till Father Hugh Jane (Eugene) came back from his holidays that they would allow at all what was on him. He always had a horrid likin' for Martin, had Father Hugh Jane. You can fancy the feeling he had, for when he saw the way it was with him, didn't he take the three colours. 'Martin,' says he, an' I heard him with me own ears, 'It's heart sorry I am to see you that reduced.'"

"'It can't be helped, Father dear,' says Martin. 'Isn't it God's will, whatever way it takes us?'"

"'Tis a bitter long road from this to Killawurrity, but Father Hugh Jane he came every step of it once in the week, after, so long as the poor boy was in it. 'Twas of a Tuesday the change showed out in Martin. The cough had left him terrible weak and poor, but he had his senses up to the time he went. The night came in on him hard enough, till about ten o'clock, when he seemed to be restin', and 'twas an hour or more e'er ever he spoke again. 'Why aren't yees prayin'?' says he, all at once."

"'What prayers will we say, astore?' says his mother."

"'The prayers for the dyin'. What else?' says he."

"So we all set to, and worked at the prayers considerable, and he seemed to enjoy that most comfortable."

"'Where's the candle?' says he."

"'There's two on the table, avick,' says his mother."

"'The blessed candle, mother,' says he, 'Tis dark where I'm goin' without I have the blessed light, to show me the gates of the kingdom of God.'"

"'Twas myself that lit it, but the two poor hands of him

was that weak he couldn't clasp it, and I held them steady between my own."

She had forgotten us, in the scene that filled her mind, and there was something in her face that told us, all at once, why every detail of that death-bed, past now for over thirty years, was still as fresh as ever in her mind.

" ' I'm goin', ' says he."

" ' The blessin' of God be about us, ' said his father, and he with the tears running down upon his face."

" They said that Martin never spoke again, but I seen the Amen that lay upon his lips. Daughter, it was penetratin'."

Then, after a moment's pause, she spoke again in a different tone, and her words confirmed our previous conclusion.

" I was only a gartlaher that time," she said, " and 'tis the good man of my own I've had this many a year, thanks be to God, and Martin, he never had a thought for any one, only the Flower Mister's Rose. May the Lord have mercy on his soul."

Many changes come to places and to people in the course of four years' time, and lately we have visited Currusmaun again, but the oasis has almost disappeared and the place is fast returning to its original wild. The Flower Mister is dead. The woman who had loved Martin Faughran was away in her own home over the mountain. The house is roofless and the garden neglected, abandoned, torn up in parts, with cattle grazing ruthlessly amongst the remains of what had once been flower-beds. A carved mahogany bedstead, which we had seen and admired at the time of our first visit, had been broken up and used to stop a gateless opening, and so prevent the beasts from straying on the road. Some hardy plants still persist in blooming here and there, and the trees and shrubs that were big enough to escape the cattle have grown and spread unchecked.

No one knows or cares for what is fast becoming ancient history, no one can tell us if the exiled Rose is living or dead. Over all the sun shines pitiless and unchangeable, but magnificently beautiful. Over the grand scene of bog and lake and mountain that the Flower Mister must have loved, though his heart was hard to human pity, and let us hope that it was comfort to him until his lonely end.

ALICE DEASE.

Miscellanea.

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

A Hitherto Unknown English Martyr.

DOM GEORGE LAZENBY, Cistercian, of Jervaulx was executed at York for the Supremacy of the Pope, between Aug. 6 and 25, 1535. On Sunday, July 11, 1535, Thomas Garrard, B.D., a man whom Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, in the next year described to Cromwell as being "of little learning and less discretion," came to Jervaulx Abbey, armed with the King's great seal, to preach "the true Word of God" before the Abbot and his brethren. While he was declaring the authority of every bishop and priest to remit sin, Dom George Lazenby, one of the monks, interrupted him, and said that the Bishop of Rome had the authority over all other bishops. Sir Francis Bigod, of Settrington and Mulgrave Castle (who at this time was an active "reformer," though he was hanged eventually at Tyburn, June 2, 1537, for being implicated in the Pilgrimage of Grace), was in the Abbey at the time, and called the monk before him after the sermon, and in the presence of the Abbot and all the audience asked the cause of his foolishness. His answer was "heretical and highly traitorous," inasmuch as he maintained the Pope to be Head of the Church. Sir Francis then administered "articles" to him, which he signed in a similar sense; whereupon Sir Francis caused the constable of Middleham Castle to take him into custody until the King's pleasure should be known. The Abbot, Adam Sedbergh (who also suffered death at Tyburn, May 25, 1537; for the Pilgrimage of Grace), and his brethren behaved on this occasion "like honest men," and the articles being exhibited to them, by the Abbot's advice, they all made answer "like true subjects," in other words, they all admitted the Royal Supremacy. The next day Sir Francis wrote to Cromwell to tell him all about it, and enclosing a denunciation of George Lazenby, signed by the Abbot, Sir Francis, Thomas Fulthrope, Edward Forist, Thomas Garrard, and Lazenby

himself. The day after (viz. July 13) Sir Francis wrote again to Cromwell to say that he found that Lazenby was "boldened by another man in this his treason," on whose learning he more relied than on his own, and that he suspected this other man to be a Carthusian of Mountgrace. A week later, on the 20th of July, Sir Francis writes to Cromwell, that he had again examined Lazenby "who, I assure you, handled himself in defending yonder same idol and blood-supper of Rome so boldly and stiffly as I never in all my days saw the like." Learning, however, Sir Francis says, the monk has none, and he would blind simple folks, and establish his treason with revelations, as he calls them. One of these visions, written with the monk's own hand, is enclosed.

He told me divers other [says Sir Francis], and especially one of Our Lady of the Mountgrace, how he was there in her chapel, and she, appearing to him, said, "George! George! be of good cheer, for I may yet not spare thee"; with such other like madness. He also said he was sure the Spirit of God was with him, and he was glad to die in so good a quarrel as the defence of the Church, "of which the Pope, saith he, is only the head by God's law."

Lazenby had confessed that some of the Carthusians of Mountgrace were "of his council," and Sir Francis had learnt from the Prior of Mountgrace that most of the latter's brethren were traitors. Lazenby's vision, enclosed by Sir Francis, is in very quaint spelling, but being modernized runs as follows:

Dan George Lazenby, monk of Jervaulx, lying in his bed sleeping, thought that it was in the church, and he thought women like gypsies appeared to him, among whom one greater than the other, the which appeared with one of her paps ready, and the visage of our Lady upon her breast; the which visage comforted him much; the which he took for Saint Anne, for a great image of Saint Anne doth stand in the closet there as he said Mass, and, as he thought, they inquired for the abbot. The which vision a good father of religion said it was a token that puer Jesus did visit his servants.

On August 6, 1535, Christopher Jenny, Serjeant-at-Law, writes to Cromwell that on that day, Friday, Sir John Spelman, Justice of the King's Bench, and himself had made an end of the assizes at York.

We sent [he writes] for the monk of Jarvase, Geo. Lasynby,

indicted for high treason. He has set his hand to the articles, was arraigned and found guilty, and his execution will speedily follow. He is a wilful fool of little learning.

On October 6, 1535, Dr. Ortiz, the Imperial Agent at Rome, writes to the Empress that he has received a letter from the Ambassador (Eustace Chapuys), dated London, August 25th, stating that a friar had been martyred in the archbishopric of York in the same manner and for the same cause as the Carthusians. No friar is known to have been executed in the archbishopric in this year, and the allusion is doubtless to the Cistercian monk, George Lazenby, whose name does not appear in any of our martyrologies, though it is quite clear that he died, as Ortiz says, "for the same cause" as the Blessed Carthusians. The extant chroniclers were Londoners, and included in their chronicles but few events that did not happen in London. As for our earliest martyrologists, Nicholas Harpsfield was in 1535 a boy of sixteen and still at Winchester, and Nicholas Sander was then only five years of age. It is not, then, quite so surprising as it might at first appear, that this Yorkshire martyr has had to wait so long unrecognized.

J. B. W.

Ought a Broad Churchman to recite a creed?

There has been much talk in the Anglican Communion of late about the Athanasian Creed, and the Broad Churchmen have been expressing their disedification at the confidence with which the mass of their fellow-churchmen affirm their belief in its abstruse dogmas. The Creed, however, that bears this name is not the only creed in use in the Anglican Church, and it has always been a mystery to us how Broad Churchmen can consistently with their principles recite the Apostles' or the Nicene Creed, indeed any creed at all that expresses belief in difficult dogmas. We have been interested therefore in an article entitled "Ought there to be a Broad Church Disruption?" in the January number of the *Hibbert Journal*, in which this very question is actually raised by an Anglican clergyman who describes himself as a Broad Churchman. This writer gives his own apology for the way in which he meets the difficulty, and thereby incurs, in the April number of the same journal,

the criticism of a "Liberal layman," who has ceased apparently on that very ground to adhere to the Anglican Church. The Rev. Hubert Handley, if we understand him, is a moderate Broad Churchman himself, but his object in writing is to plead justification for Broad Church clergymen of the Left as well as the Right Wing, who claim to remain in the Church of England and place themselves under the obligation of reciting these two Creeds when they occur in the Anglican services, although they disbelieve several of the articles therein affirmed.

The Apostles' and Nicene Creeds have in interpretation [he says] expanded by degrees. 1, "Right hand," has been stretched to cover immaterial precedence; 2, "Maker of heaven and earth," to cover the cosmic processes of evolution; 3, "Resurrection of the body," to cover *post-mortem* idealism; 4, "To judge both the quick and the dead," to cover vast, gradual discrimination; 5, "Who spake by the prophets," to cover all the valid inspirations of humanity; 6, "Descended into hell," to cover entire delocalization; 7, "Ascended into heaven," to cover a non-spatial exaltation; 8, "The third day he rose again," to cover objective revival and Christophanies apart from corporal resuscitation; 9, "Born of the Virgin Mary," to cover a non-miraculous but sacrosanct birth.

In this list things are classed together which belong to different categories. "At the right hand" has all along been understood by the best commentators in a figurative sense; "maker of heaven and earth" is certainly never understood to mean that the making was all accomplished in a moment, in flagrant conflict with what is declared by the Mosaic cosmogony; nor need the words "ascended into heaven," "descended into hell," be held to involve that the earth is flat, and hell beneath its surface. Many people may have taken these terms literally in former days, but that is explicable as due to their want of reflection on literary processes, besides the phrases do not relate to matters of any consequence. But the other seven interpretations suggested by Mr. Handley and those who think with him are in manifest contradiction with the articles of the Creed to which they are attached, and besides, relate to the fundamental facts of the Christian dispensation. How then can Mr. Handley justify the recitation of those seven articles by persons who are only able to accept them in that perverse sense?

Put briefly his defence, which we may take to be in

substance what others of the same way of thinking would similarly urge, comes to this:

I am at home [he says] in this Church of England. . . . If heaven lies about us in our infancy heaven broke through the veil to me sacramentally in the worship of that wonderful Church. . . . Early and late, from youth to middle age, the Church of my fathers has been to me the channel of wisdom and grace and has fed with divine nutrition my ultimate needs. . . . There is a soul in this august institution. That soul has stammered out its own unspeakable experience through the centuries in liturgies, hymnodies, theologies, confessions, homilies, debates. These lisping notes of the intelligence are the language of that soul—a language which in dim degree, tentatively, fallibly, variably intimates the experience within, the life hid with Christ in the God of the society. . . . The language changes, has changed, will change: is never more than suggestive . . . but it is the soul which matters.

What is a creed? Words are feeble indicators of spiritual things. . . . Yet . . . some of these words are caught and become fixed as *standards of suggestion*; they are adopted as verbal representations of the faith; they become to the Christian society media of preservation and growth, tokens of fellowship, incentives to combat; they sound in the councils, echo in the services, glitter on the banners of the Church. A creed is such a fixed array of words, authoritative and compact. . . . But a creed is not perfect, not magical, not final. . . . It is terminology in all its transiency. It is the ecclesiastical language of one age passed on to the lips of the next—and again passed on. In each succeeding period, no doubt, it takes to itself new meanings. . . . A day may come when it will need literal revision; the substance of it, what it ever essentially aimed at, being retained; the nomenclature, the turn of the phrases, the subordinate affirmations being for the wants of that day improved.

That all this is beautifully expressed we may acknowledge, and regarded as the cry of a famished heart for the spiritual food it has loved but which the stern Doctor Reason now forbids, it appeals to our sympathy. But stripped of its verbiage what does the contention come to save this, that beliefs held and cherished in former days are now discovered to be untrue. What then? The trial may be hard, but does it not follow that if we would be faithful to the demands of truth, we must henceforth renounce these discredited beliefs? It cannot help to say that the words of the creeds are "standards of suggestion," and are adopted as "the verbal represen-

tations of the faith." That may justify the past generations who found them to be such in days when they knew no better, but how can it justify those of the present age who consider that they do know better? If any persons consider they have found out by now that Christ did not "rise from the dead" what right have they to declare by repeating the words of the Creed that He did rise from the dead, and how can it save either their conscience or their honour to apply to the words of the Creed a meaning which they do not bear, the meaning that what happened at the first Easter were only "objective revival and Christophanies apart from corporal resuscitation?" If they think they now know that He was not "born of the Virgin Mary," what right have they to use these words to cover what is essentially different, a non-miraculous but sacrosanct birth, whatever that may mean?

Mr. Handley, it is true, has an underlying defence of his action. When a clergyman recites the Creed as a minister of public worship there must be some relation between his belief and theirs. Thus

The "I believe" is representative. If the clergyman is in general mental agreement with the words of the Belief, and is in entire spiritual concurrence with its underlying purport and endeavour, he is herein a fit organ of congregational speech. Dr. Sanday, Lady Margaret Professor, is reported to have declared that he repeats a creed "not as an individual but as a member of the Church." Canon J. M. Wilson (*The use of the Apostles' Creed in Worship*) lately preached in Worcester thus: "We may in perfect intellectual sincerity repeat the Creed with its implications of mystery and miracle, as the essence of our Christian belief as a body, rather than as the scientific expression of our individual present opinions."

It is here that the "Liberal layman," in the April number of the *Hibbert Journal*, takes him up, as it seems to us, with an unanswerable criticism. Referring to the words just quoted he says:

Now I venture to ask, in the first place, what ground is there for the extraordinary assertion that the plain and simple words "I believe" do not mean "I believe" but "somebody else believes?" If the Church did not mean the Creeds to be an assertion binding on the individual, why, in the name of common-sense and common speech, was the word "I" used? . . . To what a pass have we come! Here are leaders of the Church—

an institution one of whose main objects is the propagation of truth—here are our “spiritual pastors and masters” actually asserting that it is justifiable to assert your belief in statements which you do not believe!

But there is a still more deeply laid consideration which neither writer nor critic perceive. Can any one consistently recite a Creed in public worship, unless he believe firmly (1) in the gift of a divine revelation, and (2) in the secure transmission of its deliverances by an infallible Church? It should be noticed that when upholders of private judgment as the ultimate test of religious truth say “I believe,” they mean less, whereas when Catholics use the same term they mean more, than is expressed by the term “I know.” The former use the term to express the convictions they have reached by the exercise of their personal judgments, convictions in which they have some trust but which they do not venture to put forward as objective certainties. The latter when they use the term express by it objective certainties which, as resting on divine testimony, are certainties of a higher order than any which the exercise of the human intellect can guarantee. Now it is this which is required to justify the public recitation of a Creed. The former class can never be more than approximately agreed as to the articles they affirm, because personal judgments are essentially divisive and provisional; they can then, when they say their Creed together, express at best hopes and longings not unmixed with anxieties. Whereas the latter, when they join in saying it, can rejoice together in the consciousness of an absolute agreement as to its meaning, an absolute certainty as to its verity, and a blessed assurance of the guidance it bestows.

S. F. S.

“Ignatian” Spirituality.

By his declaration that “for those who love God all things work together unto good,” St. Paul pronounced the sacramental character of everything which the soul meets with in search of its final destiny. Everything, duly regarded and properly used, is meant to be a “means of grace.” So viewed, the whole economy of the Incarnation, the Church, the Sacraments, Religious vows, the priesthood, all the multiplicity of devotions, are only so many helps to bring the soul into union with God and have no spiritual value for the

individual soul except under that aspect. Hence the amazing variety of modes of access to God which the Church encourages or tolerates for the benefit of the amazingly varied characters that belong to her. And hence the futility of trying to give an absolute and final value to what is only a transitory instrument of grace. Father Faber has attempted,¹ unsuccessfully, to distinguish in *kind* between the perfection of a religious and that of a secular, as if perfection were not simply determined by the degree of the love of God attained by the individual. As all human wills are generically the same they are capable of only the same kind of perfection. And so when we find the asceticism taught by St. Ignatius condemned, as it has been by some writers in certain French and Belgian periodicals, on the grounds that it weakens the "liturgical sense" and so injures what is (by implication) the one true development of piety, we feel that those writers are really confounding means and end and, since their main objections are based upon the supposed individualistic character of "Ignatian" spirituality, that they are themselves fettering inconsistently the liberty of the Spirit of God to work His purposes by means of what instruments He chooses. The whole charge is preposterous, based on an exaggerated worship of the Church's external cultus, more akin to Judaism than to Christianity, and on a surprising ignorance of the spirit of the Ignatian "Exercises." We need not follow it in its details, which may be read with their refutation in an admirable little tract by Father Louis Peeters, S.J., called *Spiritualité "Ignatienne" et "Piété liturgique"* (Casterman, Tournai, 30 C), but we are not sorry that it has been made since it has called forth so calm, well-reasoned and convincing a defence of the Ignatian method and its results. The charge is in reality a modern echo of the bitter attacks on the Ignatian ideal which heralded its birth. Then, because St. Ignatius had the boldness to establish a religious Order, which proposed to do without choir duties or a distinctive religious garb, certain upholders of the old traditions could not bring themselves to believe that its members were religious at all. Now, because his followers are not remarkable, so it is alleged, for the pomp and elaboration of their liturgical observances, they are accused of breaking with the spiritual traditions of the Church. Father Peeters, as we

¹ See *Growth in Holiness*, pp. 141, sqq.; this doctrine is implicitly contradicted on p. 448.

say, has effectively disposed of these accusations by testimonies drawn from St. Ignatius himself and the practice of his Order. But of more value is the exposition of the true spirit of Ignatian devotion to which the bulk of the little treatise is devoted. It proves that "Ignatian" prayer is true prayer, *i.e.* is essentially the same as every other sort of prayer, consisting of union with God through mind and will. The seemingly complicated "method" in which these faculties are exercised has no more vital connection with the prayer itself than the harrow has with the corn crop. It is merely designed to keep mind and will in readiness for the divine visitation that so the soul may be "at home" when God calls. It is so completely an instrument that it is to be employed not an instant longer than it is serviceable. It is followed, by those habituated to its use, as instinctively as one obeys the law of gravitation in walking. It is an effective check upon mind-wandering and mere velleity. It is, in a word, like so much that comes from St. Ignatius, common-sense applied to spirituality. All this Father Peeters abundantly proves, in a manner as charming as his matter is sound, for it is urbane as well as decisive, courteous no less than critical.

J. K.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

Two Great Catholic Schools.

ONE hundred years ago, within a few months of each other, two great Catholic schools began their existence in their present homes,—St. Gregory's School, Downside, near Bath, which was opened on April 30, 1814, and Clongowes Wood College, Co. Kildare, which started life in July of the same year. St. Gregory's had already existed for some twenty years at Acton Burnell, and for nearly 200 years in the great Benedictine monastery at Douai; Clongowes, although her founder, Father Peter Kenny, S.J., was a Stonyhurst boy and had entered the Society there, cannot on that account be regarded as an offshoot of that famous school, but is indigenous to the soil. Both schools, the Benedictine and the Jesuit, have had a distinguished career, the details of which they will doubtless recall to the public on the occasion of their actual Centenary celebrations, by the issue of historical records. Meanwhile, the whole Catholic body will share in the joy of their more immediate friends at the evidence

of vitality given by their prolonged existence and vigorous growth.

**The
Party Press.**

To those who stand aloof from party strife, the attitude, or rather the antics of the partisan press, which, with the exception of the sporting papers, forms the bulk of the reading of the man in the street, suggests an absence of responsibility rarely met with outside the nursery or the madhouse. The prospect would be alarming were it not for the natural compensatory law that over-stimulus tends to blunt the organ affected. The more the papers shriek the less the judicious heed them. A certain journal, which has long lost any pretence to the claim, used to boast that it was "written by gentlemen for gentlemen": now, practically all are written by partizans for partizans. It is surely time that a little sobriety and decency were introduced into party politics, and that accusations of what, if true, would be infamous crimes should cease to be freely bandied about amongst civilized men. These furious countercharges of conspiracies and plots savour rather of the times of Titus Oates and, if it were not, happily, that the people have come to regard them as aspects of the party game, might have as serious results. Catholics may congratulate themselves that the wisest, calmest, most statesman-like speech in the recent Home Rule debates, a speech pleading for a recognition of fundamental principles and facts and for a policy in accordance with them, was uttered by a Catholic member, Sir Mark Sykes. We are not saying that both sides are equally in the wrong: we hold that the Orange defiance of the Government, motived as it avowedly is on grounds which can only be described by Catholics as blind and deplorable bigotry, is wholly unjustifiable, and that consequently the supporters of that sinister faction are to that extent misled. But about the whole agitation as conducted by the press, there is a certain note of insincerity and vulgarity that we should gladly see brought to an end.

**Orange
Pulpiteers.**

There are signs, happily, that the Protestant Church in Ireland, to whose charge much of the rancour of the Ulster agitation must be laid, is bethinking itself somewhat tardily of the Christianity it professes. Several of its responsible officials in pastorals and similar addresses have been counselling moderation and suggesting to their flocks that others have a right to political views as well as themselves. Moreover, it is said that allusions to current politics are now to be discouraged in Protestant pulpits. On the other hand, several clerical emissaries from amongst the Irish Protestants have been sounding the usual note of religious intolerance in Leeds, having no doubt found countenance in the conduct of Bishop Welldon, Dean of Manchester,

who is making himself notorious both by voice and pen as an abettor of religious strife. This "ecclesiastical firebrand," as the *Catholic Times* aptly styles him, delivered an Orange harangue from his pulpit on March 22nd, and wrote in the March *Nineteenth Century*¹ an article of the customary "Home-Rule Rome-Rule" style, trying as far as his influence goes to perpetuate the miserable caricature of Catholicism which bigotry loves to contemplate. But Bishop Welldon, as regards Catholic controversy, is a discredited man: he has shown frequently that he does not, and apparently can not, understand what he attacks. Years ago, when Bishop of Calcutta, he ventilated the ridiculous theory that Protestantism and material prosperity are indissolubly connected, and was promptly silenced in a powerful treatise by the late Father Vincent Naish, S.J. More recently our Catholic Bishop of Salford convicted him of wholly misunderstanding the Catholic marriage-law. And his late gross violation of Christian charity and common manners, when he publicly reproached the present Lord Mayor of Manchester for what was an act of sincere homage to conscience, will be fresh in the minds of our readers. For his ignorance thus manifested of the exclusive claims of the Catholic religion called forth rebukes from every side, Catholic and non-Catholic, religious and secular. This is the man who now sounds a trumpet for Orangeism, for what in substance is not Christianity but an organization essentially opposed to civil and religious well-being.

**The McCann
Case again.**

Amongst the Ulster clerics who have made themselves conspicuous by their appeals to religious rancour is a certain Rev. William Corkey, whose special line is the tyranny of Rome in the matter of Christian marriage. It is rather unfortunate, from the Orange-drum point of view, that the instances of this tyranny are so very far to seek and so unsatisfactory when found. There is no option but to exhume the McCann case, and exhumed it is by the Corkeys and their like in pulpit and pamphlet with wearisome iteration and with uniform inaccuracy. But for the Home Rule Bill it would never have been heard of: whereas now, if Mrs. McCann got a penny from every politician that exploits her "martyrdom" she would be in fairly easy circumstances. The *Church Times* (April 17th, p. 543) is our witness that the case is still being urged in argument, and cites passages from a communication it has received in which

¹ In this article, as our contemporary *America* acutely points out (April 4th, p. 617), the Dean translates "*Catholici nominis regionibus*" as "so-called Catholic countries," and proceeds to argue, on the strength of this mis-translation, against the tolerance of the Church. Thus bigotry can destroy, not only elementary charity, but elementary Latinity as well.

Mrs. McCann is made to occupy much the same rôle as Wat Tyler's daughter did in *his* rebellion:

Take the example [says the writer, who from the unsteady footing of his "facts," reaches out into prophecy] we have in mind—the McCann case. There can be little doubt that this sample of the consequences of the *Ne Temere* legislation sealed the doom of the present Home Rule Bill. Little did Pius X. intend that his decree should be the occasion of lighting a lurid beacon by the flare of which a hundred thousand covenanters should swear to resist Home Rule to the death.

The *Church Times* justly condemns this rodomontade as instigating to a war of religion, a worse evil than merely civil war. It is rather late now to realize what everyone who knows Ulster has known from the start—that, if the motive of bigotry were withdrawn from the agitation, there would be very little left. What is it but bigotry to push into political prominence a claim which the Church has held and exercised from the beginning, and which the State, too, in its own sphere, has constantly made and upheld? It is a claim which primarily concerns the Church's own members, and others only as they seek to come into close association with her members. In the same way, though in a lesser degree, the Church's law of Sunday Mass or Friday abstinence may also inconvenience outsiders and cause disunion in families. As marriage is a sacrament, as well as a contract with civil effects, both Church and State are competent to prescribe conditions for its validity. Those who, like the Ulster Protestants, do not believe that it is a sacrament, have no right to object to the conscientious action of those who do.

Effect of
"Ne Temere."

However, the *Church Times*, in vehemently deprecating this Protestant exploitation of the McCann case, which it declares to be "grossly misrepresented," itself goes on to misrepresent it in one particular, by saying that the grounds of nullity, which necessitated McCann's separation, were based, not on *Ne Temere*, but on the old Tridentine legislation. This is not so, but the mistake is not an unnatural one, because, before the promulgation of *Ne Temere*, the marriage-law in Ireland was rather complicated. Formerly, if two Catholics attempted matrimony there clandestinely, their contract was void, but a clandestine *mixed* marriage (by a special dispensation from the Tridentine law) was valid, though unlawful. Accordingly, but for *Ne Temere*, the McCann marriage would have stood. As the *Church Times* rightly points out, marriage between a Catholic and a baptized Protestant is *of itself* valid, although needing a dispensation for legality, but clandestinity, *i.e.*, the absence of the parish priest (or delegate)

and witnesses, is now a diriment impediment wherever *Ne Temere* runs. Thus, if the priest, &c., assisted, through error or consciously, at a mixed marriage for which a dispensation had not been obtained, the marriage would be valid. On the other hand a dispensation is required for the *validity* of a marriage between a Catholic and a non-baptized person.

We do not understand the objection of the *Church Times* to the diriment impediment of clandestinity, which it calls "deplorable." Except in Scotland, where the pre-Tridentine law is still to be traced, the State itself finds it necessary for the public welfare to set up a similar impediment, declaring that it will recognize the legal effects of no marriage which has not been contracted before its own official. Surely the *Church Times* should allow the Church a corresponding right for the safeguarding of the spiritual interests of her members.

Dr. Gore's
Open
Letter.

The mists, which it was hoped the breezes of Kikuyu would do something to sweep away, have apparently settled down once more over Anglicanism. Bishop Weston, who got his head so clear of them for a moment and spoke so plainly of what he saw, is again submerged, devising schemes, as we remarked last month, for *communicatio in sacris* with those he holds to be heretics. Mr. Knox, who in dislodging some loose stones from the foundation-beliefs of some of his Oxford friends, demolished better than he knew, and gravely shook an older yet not more secure edifice, still sits contentedly within the tottering structure. The Bishop of Oxford has delivered his soul in an Open Letter, which has provoked a somewhat acrimonious correspondence in *The Times* and elsewhere, but, although he asks all parties not to shirk the labour of ascertaining by painful thinking what their principles are in source, in fact, and in aim, he has not himself succeeded in making his own standpoint either plain or consistent. It is singular that a man of such earnestness and ability should be so much the victim of phrases. Has he ever, we wonder, "painfully thought" what the phrase "the undivided Church" implies? Has he realized that it suggests the possibility of the Church existing in division and so losing her essential note of Unity? Did the Church become divided after rejecting the Donatists or the Arians? If not, why does she lose her Unity in rejecting the Greeks and the Protestants? Or again, can he say, within a century or so, when the Church ceased to be "early" (or "ancient," according to the other point of view), or why the power of developing on orthodox lines, which was admittedly hers during the first two or three hundred years of her life, should afterwards be taken from her? Dr. Gore will have to extend his thinking to matters which he now takes as axiomatic.

At the same time it is impossible not to sympathize with his endeavour to rid Anglicanism of those who do not believe what they officially profess to believe. It cannot be done, of course. If disbelievers in the Resurrection, and the Virgin Birth and the Divinity of our Lord, as these dogmas are proclaimed in the Creeds, are not deterred by a feeling of personal honour from professing that they believe them, there is no machinery in Anglicanism for excommunicating them. The Catholic Church can purge itself of Modernism, but not the Anglican. The Bishop can suggest no effective remedy. Wisely enough, he is averse to process of heresy. He would have a solemn reaffirmation of the common basis of belief, and leave the dissentients to act as they please. But who is to decide the "common basis" and who is to make the "solemn reaffirmation"? Is there, in other words, any *living* source of dogmatic authority in Anglicanism? We know that there is not.

**Temporary
Infallibility!**

Again Dr. Gore associates himself with other Protestants in appealing to the primitive Church, and especially to Scripture, "as the sole final testing-ground of dogmatic requirement." Here we perceive that he grants the Church's note of Infallibility, but only so long as it was "primitive"! What proof has he that this endowment was ever taken away? If Unity has gone and Inerrancy, surely the gates of hell *have* prevailed. And the function of Holy Scripture? The Church may well use this her written tradition to guide her steps, but who has a right to test her by it? The Bible is hers, she settled its canon, she warrants its inspiration, she alone is empowered to declare its meaning with certainty—how can she be conceived as contradicting it? The power given her to interpret it aright surely involves the impossibility of her interpreting it falsely. Here, once more, the Bishop needs to think *out* his position.

**The Place
and Function
of the Bible.**

Whilst the *Westminster Version of the Scriptures* is in gradual process of completion—a process so gradual as to tire the patience of some who do not realize the care and judgment required,—new versions from non-Catholic sources are being multiplied. For knowledge of the latest we are indebted to a brief notice in the *Church Times*, which quotes as a specimen of its diction—"At this she was startled; she thought to herself,—whatever can this greeting mean?" Such renderings as these emphasize the wisdom of the Church in keeping such matters under her own control. One consequence of free and unguided use of the Bible was lately amusingly exemplified in the columns of an able Catholic contemporary, where a correspondent pro-

ceeded to argue for the so-called "rights" of animals on the strength of the sceptic's saying in Ecclesiastes (iii. 19)—"Man hath no pre-eminence above the beasts"!

On the other hand the Church is anxious that her members should read the Bible intelligently, although her discipline may vary according to time and place and circumstance. But she is far from making a fetish of Holy Writ. We have seen it stated somewhere that our freedom from doctrinal disputes and doubts and difficulties, which in reality is the birthright of the Catholic, is actually due to our ignorance of the Bible! If that were so, it were surely an argument for remaining ignorant. But the statement shows an utter misconception of the spirit of Catholicism. It is the membership of a living, teaching, infallible Church that preserves the Catholic from intellectual unrest and makes him free to devote his energies to carrying out, instead of having to seek, the truth. As Mr. Mallock has long ago shown, the worst efforts of the highest criticism leave the Catholic unmoved. His belief in the Bible does not rest on his knowledge of Hebrew or of the works of the Palestine Exploration Society, but on the authority of the Church. He knows that the Vulgate version is authentic, and that the Church can, when necessary, infallibly interpret it, and so he is not haunted in his Biblical studies by a feverish desire to safeguard his faith or by a paralyzing fear that his faith may be endangered. He is on the Rock, and it is only when he quits that foothold that his task becomes perilous.

**The Bible
and
The Catechism.**

Concerning this matter, a capital suggestion has been made by a writer in the February *Ecclesiastical Review* that a chapter on the Bible should be inserted in our Catechisms.

No doubt such instruction is given in the child's Bible History course, but there is need for a more formal treatment. It would create and keep up an interest in the Scriptures and prevent such misconceptions of their nature as we have been considering. The contents of the Bible, the chief dates, what inspiration means, the relation between the Church and Scripture, right and wrong use, a word on texts and versions—not more than a dozen or so questions and answers would be required to give a very useful foundation of knowledge on this important subject.

**Tied-houses
and
Licenses.**

One of the obstacles to temperance reform is the system of "tied-houses," which permits brewers to own licensed premises and to work them by means of managers. These latter have no control over the quality of the drink they dispense, and their position depends on their success in selling a quantity. Now,

on an application made by the Liverpool Tenant Licensees' Association—obviously not a Temperance body—a local magistrate has decided that the managerial system is illegal, on the grounds that the person to whom the license is granted should be responsible, either as owner or tenant, for the way in which it is used. The decision will, of course, be contested, as the brewers profit by the present system: we trust that it may be upheld, not so much in the interest of the consumer, whose drink will be less adulterated, as in order that this easily-abused traffic may be brought under more efficient control. More control is needed, for the drinking public is not guided by common-sense. One sorry side to the record trade prosperity of the past year is revealed in the annual Customs and Excise returns, which show an increase in the Drink Bill of over five millions!

**Renewed
Condemnation
of Militancy.**

We are glad that his Eminence the Cardinal, in his address at Birmingham to the Catholic Women's League, solemnly reiterated his already solemn warning to Catholic women, delivered in a pastoral last year, of the inherent sinfulness of practising or abetting "militancy." On the general question of the franchise for women the Cardinal proclaimed the absolute freedom in which the Church leaves her children to take whatever side seems good to them. In itself it is considered a question of expediency, not of justice; of politics, not of morals. But there are no two sides where what are called militant methods are concerned. These are unequivocally condemned by the moral law, no excellence of intention can excuse them, sympathy with them, if conscious and deliberate, is itself sinful. Catholics in these islands cannot now complain that they are left without guidance in this matter. The Cardinal concluded by calling renewed attention to the evil of spreading 'outspoken' literature, especially amongst young women, on the plea that thus is explained the wickedness for which the vote is claimed to be a remedy, an evil practice which has spread a great deal since he first denounced it. The C.W.L. have had in this address a clear and inspiring lead given to them to preserve the fair name of Catholic womanhood from the taint of "militancy."

**The Law
and the
Hunger-Strike.**

The *impasse* to which the administration of the law is brought by the determination of certain convicts to starve themselves rather than serve their sentences cannot be a real one. There must be an outlet, which is at present blocked by some false principle or sentiment. It is absurd to suppose that there can be circumstances in which a just sentence cannot be executed without violation of justice in some other particular. The *impasse* is this.

Punishment may take the shape of the deprivation of liberty by imprisonment, the deprivation of goods by fine or the deprivation of physical well-being by corporal chastisement. The hunger-strike prevents prolonged imprisonment (unless forcible feeding is resorted to, and that, owing to the prisoner's resistance or constitutional weakness, speedily becomes injurious to health). Poverty generally makes the infliction of a fine nugatory. Corporal chastisement, which public sentiment with difficulty admits in the case of hardened criminals and "white-slave" traffickers, seems out of the question in the case of women. If justice is to be done, therefore, the choice seems to lie between the present unsatisfactory "cat and mouse" procedure, which does not, of course, give society the protection it needs, and non-interference with self-starvation. As we have before said, the last-named course is defensible in Christian ethics on the ground that forcible feeding is an extraordinary and desperate remedy, outside the range of obligation. This is not the view of the Common Law, which holds the prison authorities responsible for the lives of their charges and obliges them, under penalty of being accessory before the fact to suicide, to use every means known to science for preserving them. Such was the opinion lately expressed by a number of prison doctors and lawyers at a meeting of the Medico-Legal Society reported in *The Times* for March 19th. However, it would seem that the view expressed by Dr. Charles Mercier in the same paper for March 17th, that criminals who nullify the law by threats of suicide should not be prevented from carrying out their threats, is gaining ground. One male convict, a burglar, has already perished in that way, and the public took no heed of the matter. No doubt these women are fanatics, victims of an *idée fixe*, and display remarkable self-devotion, but they cannot be allowed to shake the basis of civil society: their views in themselves are immoral and wholly deserving of blame; in any case it is kinder and more Christian to point out the error of their ways than to applaud their courage.

**Retrograde
Evolution !**

Some strange instances of hyper-sensitiveness have lately been chronicled in *The Times*, to the effect that certain women are endowed with the faculty of instantly detecting the presence of spiders in a room, although the insects are quite hidden. It is a faculty which has been observed before, in regard not only to women and spiders, but also to men and other insects or animals. Its origin is obscure, but it may possibly be due to an abnormal activity of one of our existing senses, the range of which, as it is, varies greatly with different individuals. There seems no reason to suppose, as a fervent evolutionist supposes in *The Times* for March 21st, that these strangely-gifted people are endowed with

a "sixth sense," the faint survival of a faculty which was normal in primitive man but which is now practically atrophied from want of exercise. This is evolution running mad, and running in the opposite direction to the general trend of that over-worked theory. Surely the more senses one has, the better equipped for the battle of life, and evolution would rather have developed and perfected a power the utility of which is not confined to a savage state of existence. Our evolutionist reckons clairvoyance amongst those lost attributes—a still more striking instance of theory misapplied, for, though a developed spider-sense would be mainly useful to housemaids, it is inconceivable that such a power as clairvoyance should in any circumstances cease to be most advantageous to its possessor.

**Scientific
Credulity.**

It is sad to see a theory, like evolution, which bristles with difficulties of every sort, so blindly taken for granted, not only by superficial writers like this *Times* scribe, but by the non-Catholic scientific world at large. But there are signs of a reaction. Logic and ultra-Darwinism have always been at strife, and no one but a rationalist believes that the description of a process is the same thing as the reason for it. As Ruskin said of "Natural Selection":

Can any law be conceived more arbitrary or more apparently causeless? What strongly planted three-legged animals there might have been! What symmetrically radiant five-legged ones! What volatile six-winged ones! What circumspect seven-headed ones! Had Darwinism been true we should long ago have split our heads in two with foolish thinking, or thrust out above our covetous hearts a hundred desirous arms and clutching hands. . . . But the law is around us and within: unconquerable: granting, up to a certain limit, power over our bodies to circumstance and will: beyond that limit inviolable, inscrutable, and, so far as we know, eternal.¹

The so-called "law of variation" is neutralized by the law of "reversion to type," and of all the facts collected to illustrate the workings of "the survival of the fittest," a large proportion tell against it. This Dr. Boulenger, F.R.S., has recently shown in his book *The Snakes of Europe*, wherein, in refutation of the idea that the bright coloration of poisonous serpents is meant as a warning that they are to be left alone, he cites the example of certain brilliantly coloured snakes which live practically underground, and are rarely seen in daylight. And he wisely points out that we have no proof that what seems to us in certain animals "protective mimicry" or "warning" appears equally such to the natural enemies of such animals.

¹ *The Eagle's Nest*, Sect. ix.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS.

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles, 1) expounding Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) exposing heresy and bigotry, and 3) of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Christianity and the Roman Law: debt of civilization to the Church. With bibliography. [Father Conway in *The Catholic World*, April 1914, p. 50.]

Communion on Holy Saturday, practice in regard to [Abbé Boudinon in *Revue du Clergé Français*, April 1, 1914; Father Thurston and others in *Tablet*, April 11, 1914, p. 582].

Evolution of the Human Body, Church's attitude towards [R. H. Tierney, S.J., in *America*, April 4, 1914, pp. 607 sqq.; cf. April 11, pp. 632 sqq.].

Holy See, Liberty of the [*Examiner* (Bombay), March 28, 1914, p. 123; April 4, 1914, p. 133. Cf. *Etudes*, Feb. 5, 1914, p. 394.]

Mass, Assistance at [Dom Benedict Steuart advocates "Messés dialoguées," and "active participation" of laity. *Pax*, Easter 1914, p. 133].

Nulla Salus extra Ecclesiam: Exposition of the Doctrine [Père Hugon, O.P., in *Revue Thomiste*, Jan. 1914.]

Penitential Discipline, Early [Rev. Dr. O'Donnell on the "Edict of Pope Callistus," *Irish Theological Quarterly*, April 1914, p. 181. Paul Allard on same, *Revue des Questions Historiques*, April 1914, p. 486.]

Psychology and Religious Phenomena: a general view from the theological standpoint [Père de Munynck, O.P., *Revue des Sciences Philosophiques et Théologiques*, Jan. 20, 1914, p. 5.]

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Anglican Orders, Russian condemnation of [*Tablet*, April 11, 1914, p. 562, and April 18, p. 601.]

Anglicanism: The Puritan Régime of 1644—1660; the facts and their bearing on "continuity" [A. D. Cheney in *The Catholic Review*, April 1914, p. 150]. Reflections on the Kikuyu Affair [James Britten in *Dublin Review*, April 1914, pp. 335 sqq.].

Church and State: An Anglican theorist corrected [Dom John Chapman on Dr. Figgis. *Pax*, Easter 1914, p. 144].

Cuba, Anticlericalism in [S. Sarasola, S.J., in *America*, April 11, 1914, pp. 631 sqq.].

Eucken's Philosophy and ours: The newest fashionable philosophy appraised [Father Anselm Wood in *The Catholic Review*, April 1914, p. 137.]

Las Casas and the Defence of South American natives [F. Hedde in *L'Université Catholique*, March, April, 1914].

Luther as a Religious: a detailed study [Abbé Cristiani in *Revue des Questions Historiques*, Oct. 1913, p. 361; Jan. 1914, p. 5; April 1914, p. 356; cf. Mgr. Barnes in *Dublin Review*, April 1914, pp. 237 sqq., and *Luther Intime* by Paul Bernard, *Etudes*, Oct. 20, 1908, p. 160].

Marriage, Decrees of nullity. References in explanation and defence of the Church's practice [*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, April 15, 1914, p. 159. Cf. Mgr. Moves on "Rome and Marriage Cases" in *Tablet*, March 21, 1914, p. 442.]

Pope Joan: A last word on the Myth [H. Thurston, S.J., in *The Month*, May 1914, pp. 449 sqq.].

St. Bartholomew's Day. The Massacre on. [A careful re-estimate of the evidence. F. Pinardel in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Jan. 1, 1914, p. 578].

South America, Beneficial influence of the Church in [Sir William Haggard in *Times*, April 15]. Slanderers of S.A. [Juan Armas in *America*, April 11, 1914, p. 636].

Spiritualism: Information as to its character and prevalence in England [Father H. McMahon in *Tablet*, April 18, 1914, p. 25]. Its results upon life and character; detailed evidence of same. [J. Godfrey Raupert, in *American Catholic Quarterly*, Jan. 1914, pp. 76-87.] "Table-turning" discussed [Father R. van du Elst in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, April 15, 1914, p. 129].

Temporal Prosperity, The Protestant Note of [H. P. Russell, in *American Catholic Quarterly*, Jan. 1914, p. 1. Compare the facts for Germany, in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, April 15, 1914, p. 125].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Bacon, Roger: The forthcoming celebrations at Oxford [*Ecclesiastical Review*, Jan. 1914]. Father Paschal Robinson on [*Catholic University Bulletin*, Dec. 1913].

Catholic Emancipation in England [three careful articles in *Revue du Clergé Français*, Feb. 1, March 1, March 15, 1914, by E. Evrard and G. Planque].

Conversions: extent and limits of "collective psychology" in the production of conversions [Père Mainage, O.P., in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, April 15, 1914, p. 88].

Drink Problem: Year's Record [*Tablet*, April 18, 1914, p. 600]. Relation to public physique [*La Revue*, March 15, 1914].

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James I. and Mary, Queen of Scots [Professor R. S. Rait's "piquant disclosures" quoted in *Tablet*, April 18, 1914, p. 612].

Labour Disputes: full text of important pastoral of the Irish Archbishops and Bishops, of Feb. 11, 1914. [*Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, March 1914, p. 306]. Labour and Civilization [T. M. Kettle in *Dublin Review*, April 1914, pp. 355 sqq.].

Mental Deficiency Act, 1913. How it affects Catholics. [T. G. King in *Tablet*, March 28, 1914, p. 482].

Mistral Frédéric. Account of the great Provençal poet [*Études*, March 5, 20; April 5, 1914; *The Month*, May 1914, pp. 488-495. Compare *Tablet*, April 11, 1914, p. 570.].

Portugal and the Liberty of the Press [Francis McCullagh in *The Dublin Review*, April 1914, pp. 314 sqq.].

Retreats, workmen's and others; catena of bibliographical references. [*Trait d'Union*, March, 1914, p. 194.].

Summer Schools in United States [Dr. T. E. Shields, in *Catholic Educational Review*, April, quoted in *Tablet*, April 18, 1914, p. 615].

Ulster Catholic, The: his characteristics and environment [Francis McCullagh in *Contemporary Review*, April 1914].

Unearned Increment [discussed by P. Vallon, S.J., in *Le Mouvement Social*, Feb. 15, p. 97; April 15, p. 324, 1914].

Via Dolorosa, The, at Jerusalem. Its present aspect described, with illustrations [Father R. J. Meaney, O.P., in *The Rosary Magazine*, April 1914, p. 363.].

Virgil among the Prophets [with references. Rev. J. F. D'Alton, in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, March 1914, p. 241].

Wales. Monastic libraries of, from the fifth to the sixteenth centuries [*Library Association Record*, July and August 1912, and *Revue Bénédictine*, April 1914, p. 138].

Reviews.

I.—ANCIENT CHURCH DISCIPLINE.

(1.)—THE EDICT OF CALLISTUS.¹

BY this time the merits of the *Bibliothèque de Théologie historique*, which is being brought out under the auspices of the Institut Catholique of Paris, are generally recognized. Its component volumes, as they appear, are found to be truly scientific treatises, by writers who are thorough masters of their respective subjects, who have searched into every nook and corner appertaining to their tasks, and honestly and competently face every difficulty that lies in their path. In short, we can look to the progress of this series as preparing for us an admirable equipment for the better understanding of the problems of historical theology, as well as for the defence of the Catholic faith against the rationalistic attack.

In the present volume the sub-title rather than the title indicates the general scope of the inquiry, for it is really a comprehensive study of the origins of the penitential system which prevailed in the early Church. The main title is chosen in view of the multiplicity of books that have been written about the so-called Edict of Pope Callistus, and because it offers a convenient standpoint from which to consider the system as a whole. It is perhaps superfluous to remind the reader that Tertullian at the beginning of the third century speaks of three grave sins, fornication, idolatry, and homicide as being, according to his own fanciful explanation, sins committed directly against God, and hence, by the teaching of Matt. vi. 14, *ib.* xviii. 18, and I John v. 16, absolutely irremissible. Whether this triplet of irremissible sins was judged to be such by Tertullian himself in the first place, or whether this classification originated earlier, is somewhat obscure, but Père d'Ales notes that Tertullian himself is not consistent throughout his writings in adhering to this enumeration, which looks as if the conception was at all events

¹ Bibliothèque de Théologie historique. L'Edict de Calliste, étude sur les origines de la Pénitence chrétienne. Par A. d'Ales, Professeur de l'Institut Catholique. Paris: Gabrielle Beauchesne. Pp. vii, 484. Price, 7.50 fr. 1914.

somewhat fluid in his mind, or in that of his contemporaries. Anyhow, in his *De Pudicitia*, written after he became a Montanist, he pours out the vials of his wrath on the Pope of the day for having, as he puts it, issued an edict saying: "I, the Pontifex Maximus, forgive to those who have discharged their penance, the sins of adultery and fornication." He deems that such an edict was more fitted to be placarded over the entrance of a brothel than to be read during Christian worship. It used to be thought that the Pope meant by Tertullian was Pope Zephyrinus (210—218), but since the discovery of the *Philosophumena* in 1851, it is known to have been St. Callistus.

Harnack's estimate of the significance of this "Edict" is dependent on his Lutheran view of the nature of the Church, namely, that it is the congregation of the saints, among whom sinners can have no place. He holds that this was the original conception attested by the New Testament, but that it gave way gradually before the general decline of the level of conduct in the Christian community as it grew numerically with the course of time. The Edict of St. Callistus, according to this view, marked an epoch in the endeavour to meet the exigencies of this general decline, but while it enlarged the borders of the Church by admitting to reconciliation even those polluted by fornication, it evoked a testimony to the character of the previous system by causing the schisms of Tertullian and Hippolytus and the energetic protest of Origen, who were adherents to the ancient ways. But Père d'Ales brings together convincing evidence against the tenableness of this position, which is incompatible, not only with the dates of origin of these two schisms, but with a whole *catena* of testimonies of early writers, going back to the New Testament itself, which assume or affirm the remissibility of all sins whatever, on condition of repentance and reconciliation with God through the Church.

Funk is another writer whose theory on the significance of the same edict Père d'Ales discusses. Like Harnack, Funk treats the edict as a concession accorded by St. Callistus to the exigencies of the times, though as a Catholic he explains its character somewhat differently. Callistus, he suggests, saw that the effect of being too rigid in the treatment of sinners was not always to stimulate a more solid repentance, but often to create a sense of hopelessness which kept them from repentance altogether. But Callistus, on the assumption which Funk accepts, still retained the rigour of the hitherto prevailing

system as regards the other two sins: apostasy and homicide, which continued to be treated as irremissible, the former till the time of St. Cyprian, the latter till some later date which cannot be assigned with exactness. In all these cases, Funk thinks, the Church was fully conscious that she had in her the power to absolve from sins of all kinds, but the better to maintain a high standard of conduct among her children, elected not to use her full powers, yet always encouraged such grave sinners to seek forgiveness apart from the sacrament direct from God. On this Père d'Ales makes a very just criticism. What could be the defence of a Church that knew she had the power of restoring all sinners whatever on their adequate penitence, refusing systematically to estimate or use it for those most in need of it?

Père d'Ales himself thinks too much importance has been attached to this edict of Callistus. He contends that the assignment of the three irremissible sins had never been a Catholic usage. Indeed it is against the conceivability of the Church having at any time excluded these three sins from forgiveness, that they were the very sins for which public, as opposed to private penitence, was wont to be enforced. But according to Père d'Ales the exclusion of these three sins from forgiveness was a practice that prevailed among the Montanists; and the quarrel of Tertullian with Callistus was that his edict branded the harshness of this Montanist system and, in adherence to the traditional usage of the Church, refused to allow its demands to be regarded.

This is the general line of inquiry which M. d'Ales follows and supports by a minute examination into the penitential discipline of the early Church as it reveals itself in its different stages, in the works of Hermas, in the Apostolic Fathers and the Apologists of the second century, in Tertullian's earlier and later writings, in the days of SS. Callistus and Cyprian, and in its decline in the fourth and fifth centuries. An appendix of particular interest inquires into the private element in the ancient penitential practice.

(2.)—CHRISTIAN ASCETICISM.¹

Protestantism, from its outset, rejected the idea of asceticism as savouring of the merit of good works, and sought to set it aside as without warrant in the New Testament. This attitude has persisted in Protestant circles, and

¹ *Etudes de Théologie historique. L'Asceticisme chrétien, pendant les trois premiers siècles de l'Eglise.* Par F. Martinez, S. M. Paris: Beauchesne. Pp. ix, 208. 1913.

has been inherited by Rationalism, which in its fundamental aspects, is the heir of old-fashioned Protestantism. Accordingly, rationalistic writers have made many attempts to trace the origin of early asceticism, as it was to be found particularly in the hermits and monks of the fourth century, to non-Christian sources. Père Martinez, in his *Asceticisme chrétien*, gives us an historical discussion of this problem and shows how impossible it is to trace Christian asceticism to any other source than the teaching of Christ. Hilgenfeld, who found the source in the practices of the Essenians and Therapeutae, which he considered himself to have traced back to the Buddhist anchorites, Weingarten, who found it in the mode of living of the somewhat hypothetical recluses in the Temples of Serapis, and Salomon Reinach, who found it in the still more problematic virgins dedicated to celibacy in the service of Mithra,—all made the mistake of laying undue stress on those external features of asceticism which can consist with an inner spirit altogether alien from that of the Catholic ascetic. Père Martinez takes what is clearly the right course in examining the teaching of our Lord which, in rare words indeed, but chosen words, recommends the ideals of virginity, of poverty, and self-renunciation to those of His followers who would seek perfection, a recommendation which is taken up again by St. Paul in I Cor., by St. John in his vision of the virgin choir, or St. James the Less, whose ascetic life is described by Eusebius. Père Martinez reminds us too most appropriately that, in tracing the enthusiasm for asceticism, which is acknowledged to have arisen by the fourth century, the exegesis of modern times is of far less value than that of the early Fathers. Yet in the works of these latter we find not any reference to Jewish or Buddhist, or pagan precedents, but references to these same select words of our Lord and His apostles, which attract our attention directly when we read them. It is then on these instructions of our Lord, which the more fervent souls were from the beginning quick to interpret and embrace, that the ascetic life was founded. In the first stage those who embraced these counsels lived in their own homes, and mixed with their families and friends. Later—as the hindrances consequent on such intercourse with others of a different tone came to be more deeply felt—many withdrew themselves into the retirement of deserts or remote places to lead either solitary or monastic lives, as best suited their needs.

2.—THE BEGINNINGS OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.¹

Father William Moran's essay on the beginnings of the Christian ministry is a very satisfactory piece of work. It was not to be expected that he should be able to bring forward any new documentary evidence bearing on his subject. What is still possible, and what the author has done very well, is to scrutinize minutely such materials as we have, and ascertain the conditions which will satisfy them all. How difficult is this work is witnessed by the fact that so many different theories have resulted, in many of which, as for instance, in those of Harnack and Sohm, the influence of *parti pris* is very discernible. These theories of Protestant investigators Father Moran has kept well in view, and has tested with conspicuous fairness on purely historical principles. Harnack's theory of a charismatic ministry and Hatch's and Sohm's theories of the Church as a voluntary organization for philanthropic or other purposes, are examined in the earlier chapters as attaching rather to the presuppositions than to the subject itself of Father Moran's inquiry. This latter is on the existence and character of the episcopate in the first century.

That by the beginning of the second century the monarchical episcopate was universal, save in a few smaller local churches, is established beyond dispute by the language of St. Ignatius of Antioch, in the allusions and implications of his letters to the Churches of Asia Minor; as also by the lists of Bishops at Rome and Antioch, and even those at Alexandria and Jerusalem, for the authenticity of which the testimony of Eusebius, resting as it does on that of Irenæus and Hegesippus, and similar sources to which he had access, must be taken as reliable—at least for the fact of there having been monarchical Bishops in those four cities from the time of the Apostles. On the other hand, the impression left by the Acts of the Apostles, as confirmed by the Epistles, by St. Clement's Epistle to the Romans, and likewise by the *Didachè*, is that the body of the local pastors which St. Paul himself established, consisted of two, not three orders, of bishops (*or* presbyters), and deacons. Indeed, it is quite demon-

¹ The Government of the Church in the First Century. An essay on the beginnings of the Christian Ministry. By the Rev. William Moran. Presented to the Theological Faculty of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, as a thesis for the Degree of Doctor. Dublin: Gill and Son. Pp. xi, 288. 1913.

strable, as the author proves in his excellent note on the relation of overseers and elders, that the two words which afterwards became the distinctive names for the first and second grades in the hierarchy, were originally used indifferently for one and the same grade, whichever it was. Some have gathered that St. Timothy and St. Titus were, under the Apostles, the monarchical Bishops of that earliest period. The author, indeed, prefers, with other modern scholars, to call them apostolic delegates, and certainly they were not Bishops wedded to local dioceses, after the manner which became eventually consecrated by Church usage. Still, he takes what seems to us the more probable view, when he concludes that these, with some others, perhaps, whom St. Paul similarly employed to visit temporarily the churches that had need of them—for instance, Tychicus and Artemas—were the only group who had the right to ordain. In the pastoral epistles, the duties of those on whom Timothy and Titus had laid hands are set down, but do not include the power to ordain others; apparently, whatever ordinations of new clergy were required anywhere were to be performed by these visiting delegates of the apostle as they went their rounds. And in this connection Father Moran justly lays stress on a passage in St. Clement's Letter to the Corinthians: "Our apostles . . . appointed the aforesaid (overseers=*episcopi*), and afterwards provided a continuance that, if these should fall asleep, other approved men should succeed to their ministry; those, therefore, who were appointed by them [the apostles] or, afterwards, with the consent of the whole church, by *other distinguished men*," &c. For in this passage the appointment of new "overseers" is again not assigned to the other "overseers," but to "the other distinguished men" by whom we may without difficulty understand persons of the class of Timothy or Titus.

So far we have evidence of the three distinct grades, combined with a mode of administration easily intelligible as suited to those early days, and pointing to the development we afterwards find as to its natural consequent. But what about the grade to which the local presbyters, or *episcopi* belonged? Had they episcopal or only priestly orders? The author inclines to the view that they were, all of them, in episcopal orders. It is true that the well-known but most obscure reference by St. Jerome to the origins of the Alexandrian Church might find an easier explanation, if all the over-

seers originally were in episcopal orders. But there are difficulties in deducing any conclusion regarding the earliest age from St. Jerome's late fourth century statement, especially as it is a statement which is in apparent conflict with what we otherwise know, and Father Moran admits, namely that Alexandria was one of the few sees where the monarchical episcopate began with the immediate successors of the apostles. Also at Philippi, where, to judge from St. Polycarp's letter to that Church, the original system of government by a college of presbyters still persisted, it is much easier to understand the tone in which these write to him, and he to them, if they were only in priestly orders, than if they were his equals in hierarchical grade. Further, whereas it is acknowledged that the churches where this more ancient order persisted were "smaller" churches, does it seem likely that the "smaller" churches should be just those in which the episcopal order was most numerously represented; and is it easy to explain the transition from the original to the monarchical system, if it involved the lowering of the grade of the presbyters?

3.—THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.¹

The second and fairly substantial instalment just issued of the new Westminster Version should relieve the anxiety of those who fancied that the long interval from the appearance of the first betokened an abandonment of the enterprise. Never for a moment did such a calamity threaten, — for calamity it would be if Newman's experience were to be repeated, and the chance of producing a rationally edited and reasonably correct English Catholic version once more destroyed. The *First Corinthians*, which Father Lattey translates and annotates, is of course similar in style of printing and production to the former part, except for the further introduction of elucidatory "indents," whilst its 39 pages of text, about three times the amount of *Thessalonians*, gives a better opportunity of estimating the quality of the translation. In reconciling the rival claims of accuracy and intelligibility, of literalness and grammar, Father Lattey, it

¹ The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures. The New Testament. Vol. III. Part II. The First Epistle to the Corinthians. By the Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S.J. London: Longmans. Pp. xx, 72. Price, 1s. paper; 1s. 6d. cloth. 1914.

appears to us, has been eminently successful, more successful than in *Thessalonians*, wherein was shown more hesitation about breaking up long, loosely-constructed sentences. The translation needs only to be compared with the Rheims to see at once how much improvement there is in ease and perspicuity. In the very second verse the Rheims reads "in every place of theirs and ours" an unintelligible as well as a false rendering corrected in the Westminster Version as—"in every place . . . their Lord even as ours." Again, in verse eight, "who also will confirm you unto the end without crime," becomes at once accurate and clear as "He in turn will be to the end your warrant against arraignment." But the variations very largely consist of minor points—turns of phrase, order and collocation of words, changes of punctuation—little things, which in the aggregate give an entirely new cast to the rendering and which can best be perceived by comparing passages of considerable length. The headings, sub-headings and "indents" are carefully inserted, and add much to intelligibility, whilst the relegation of the old chapter-and-verse divisions to the margin is a powerful help in the same direction. *First Corinthians* contains much of St. Paul's characteristic teaching, expressed in his characteristic fashion. A fairly large number of notes has therefore been found necessary for the further elucidation of the text. The Epistle cannot well be understood unless it is remembered that it answers a series of questions propounded by the Corinthians, and that a certain amount of its doctrine is local and occasional. The notes carefully distinguish between the various parts, and are especially valuable in their comments on the various *charismata* with which the Corinthian Church seems to have been plentifully endowed. In addition to a fairly long Introduction on this Church and St. Paul's relations with it, Father Lattey devotes an Appendix to a point of eschatology already touched on in *Thessalonians*, and Father Keogh, Professor of Church History and Canon Law at St. Beuno's College, contributes a valuable essay on the character of the "Ministry in the Apostolic Church," a question raised by St. Paul's description of the various kinds of spiritual gifts conferred upon his converts.

We are confident that *First Corinthians* will meet with the same cordial welcome as did its predecessor, and that it will make the nature and value of the Westminster Version better and more widely understood.

4.—MARIOLOGY.¹

Dr. Joseph Pohle, formerly a Professor of the Catholic University of America, now Professor of Dogma at the University of Breslau, is engaged in writing a little series of dogmatic text-books for the use of the laity; or at all events in a style which fits them for the use of educated Catholic laymen, who desire to know something definite about Catholic dogmas and their theological development. *Mariology*, which has just appeared, and is the sixth in number of these text-books, may be cordially recommended to the class of readers described. In two parts, one on the Divine Motherhood as the source of all Mary's prerogatives, and the other on her Special Prerogatives, he comprises all the questions one may ask in regard to the Catholic belief concerning her. It is a subject over which there has been much controversy since the first outbreak of Protestantism, but a reader of this little book will be able to see how much of this controversy rests on ignorance of the Church's teaching, how simple and reasonable, and how conformed to the text of Holy Scripture, as well as to her tradition, are the doctrines which misinformed people imagine to be so *bizarre* and extravagant. We meet, for instance, with persons who talk very confidently against the Virgin birth, proceeding from the principle that in *their* personal judgment virginity has no prerogative to exalt it over marriage, and quite overlooking that facts are to be established by testimonies, not by dubious *a priori* inferences. We meet, too, with persons who talk against the Immaculate Conception of our Lady, her bodily Assumption into heaven, her *cultus*, without a conception of what these things mean. All such misconceptions a Catholic layman, with the aid of a clearly and simply written text-book such as Dr. Pohle has furnished and Mr. Arthur Preuss has well translated, will be able to rectify in the minds of his non-Catholic friends. We should add that in an appendix to *Mariology* the author explains what is meant by the worship of Saints, Relics, and Images; also that to each chapter throughout the volume a very full bibliography is given of works that supply fuller information on each subject.

As this is our first notice of any volume in the series, we

¹ A dogmatic treatise on the Blessed Virgin Mary Mother of God. By the Rev. Joseph Pohle, D.D. Translated from the German by Arthur Preuss. St. Louis and London: Herder. Pp. ii. 185. Price, 4s. net. 1914.

may use the opportunity to call attention to the previous volumes. These are five in number: (1) on *God, His Knowability, Essence and Attributes*; (2) on the *Divine Trinity*; (3) on *God the Author of Nature and the Supernatural*; (4) on *Christology*; (5) on *Soteriology*. There are besides six more volumes to come (7) on *Grace*; (8—11) on the *Sacraments*; (12) on *Eschatology*. Except for the special subjects of Fundamental Theology, which are not strictly dogmatic, and are not included in the series as at present projected, these twelve treatises cover the whole area of the Church's doctrine. What has been said of *Mariology* may be said of the rest. They will be of immense advantage to educated Catholic laymen who take serious interest in the teaching of their Church, for they will enable them to see how many of the objections which provide the Church's critics with their stock-in-trade, and are so commonly brought out as up-to-date knowledge to be sprung upon the poor ignorant Catholics, are in reality as old as the hills, and have been scrutinized and solved by generations of theologians, with an acuteness of insight not to be found in their opponents. Of such sort are the difficulties as to our means of ascertaining the Existence of God, of reconciling His Foreknowledge with our Freedom of action, His Unity with the Trinity of the Divine Persons; the Perfection of Christ's Godhead with the Perfection of His Manhood, the nature of Sin with the transmission of Original Sin, the Vicarious Atonement with the Justice of God—all which are thoroughly but not too abstrusely discussed in these volumes.

5.—PAGANISM AND CHRISTIANITY IN EGYPT.¹

The last two sentences of this little book, which round off somewhat abruptly the chapter on Asceticism and Monasticism, are enclosed in square brackets. It is because the author, an Egyptologist of much promise, died suddenly, in his twenty-ninth year, before he had time to complete his work. Accordingly his friend, Mr. Norman McLean, who adds this final passage, introduces the book in a Preface in which he gives some of the facts about Mr. Scott-Moncrieff's life, and quotes from one of his *collaborateurs*, Mr. Leonard

¹ By Philip David Scott-Moncrieff. Cambridge: University Press. Pp. ix, 225. Price, 6s. net. 1913.

W. King, a competent appreciation of his merits as a writer on the subject he chose.

Apart [says Mr. King] from its value as a hand-book, the originality of the work, in our opinion, consists chiefly in two features. In the first place, Scott-Moncrieff approached his subject from the Egyptian point of view. He had a first-hand knowledge of the ancient Egyptian religion, and was thus peculiarly fitted to detect the changes from native belief, which were introduced in the Græco-Roman cults of Egyptian divinities, and had so strong an influence on early Christian thought in Egypt. In the second place, as an archæologist, he was able to form his own estimate of the bearing of the archæological upon the purely literary evidence, and in several cases to use his data in a novel way.

The author, in his first two chapters, traces the variations of the original Egyptian religion when it came under the influence of Hellenistic corruptions and interpretations in the second and third centuries. This part is very well done. In the four chapters that follow, the endeavour is to discover in what form and through what channels Christianity made its first entrance into Egypt, which it must have done at a very early date. It is not easy, for although towards the end of the second century the works of Clement of Alexandria reveal it to us as now widely spread through the country and with highly-developed institutions, we have little to go by for the times anterior to his, and that little such as affords material for conjecture rather than inference. The author's contention is that "the earliest sources of the life and teaching of Christ current in Egypt were markedly influenced by ideas prevalent in Alexandria at this time, and were tinged with asceticism and mysticism, which were the characteristics both of the Platonic Isis cult and of the Jewish Platonists." He infers this from the testimony of Clement to the existence in his days of the apocryphal Gospels according to the Hebrews and to the Egyptians, and the relation to these, of similarity in their doctrinal tinge if not of their *provenance*, of the *agrapha* or sayings of our Lord, in circulation at Oxyrhynchus. In Clement's time the four canonical Gospels were firmly established in Egypt, but Mr. Scott-Moncrieff thinks the two apocryphal documents must have preceded them, and have been those employed by the earliest Christian communities, as "it is not likely they would have forced themselves into popularity if the four sources bearing more authoritative

names had been in the field first." And if they were thus originally used we may trace their Encratist tendency to a synthetizing process set up by the contact between Christianity and the pagan ideas it encountered on its entrance into the land. This inference, however, does not appear to be justified. Unconsciously Mr. Scott-Moncrieff has assumed that those who used the four canonical Gospels and those who used the two apocryphal Gospels, were one and the same community. Assume that they were different communities in the earlier period as in Clement's own, that is to say, one orthodox using the canonical Gospels, the other heterodox using the apocryphal Gospels, together with the *agrapha* in the form in which we have them, and the base for the author's inference is withdrawn. The orthodox, it is true, would not have deflected from the use of canonical to that of apocryphal Gospels, but that is just what the heterodox, or the gnostics, would do, indeed did do, in Asia Minor at all events. On the other hand, it is inconceivable that, apart from a process of downright conversion, a generation of Egyptian gnostics would have been succeeded by a generation of orthodox, in the developed state of the Alexandrian Church which Clement's writings indicate, without a trace of any such recent transformation appearing.

There is another defect in the author's reasoning which appears particularly in the last chapter, instructive as it is otherwise. He does not realize the essential difference of motive which discriminates Christian from pagan and Manichean asceticism; he does not see that the one is based on the belief that matter is evil; the other that the passions need to be controlled and subdued; nor does he see that according to Christian doctrine celibacy is encouraged as an ideal for those who aim high—not from any thought that marriage is illicit.

6.—CATHOLIC DEMOCRACY versus SOCIALISM.¹

So many are the varieties of opinion between rigid orthodoxy and utter heterodoxy in social questions, so abrupt the cleavage sought to be established between what is religious and what is purely economic, that in the minds of many the

¹ Catholic Democracy, Individualism and Socialism. By Henry C. Day, S.J. London: Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. Pp. viii, 296. Price, 6s net 1914.

fact is in danger of being obscured that there *is* a social theory widely upheld and vigorously propagated which is substantially opposed to Christian teaching and is therefore false and pernicious. That theory used to be, and should still be, called Socialism; if social reformers adopt another, bearing an accidental resemblance to it but wholly deprived of its noxious elements, they are bound in intellectual honesty to find another name for what is essentially another thing.

The important book under notice should do much to clear the air of the fog which unenlightened discussion always tends to create. For Father Day has a clear and logical mind and an accurate pen: he is also widely read in his subject and has carefully assimilated and arranged his facts. Thus equipped, he sets forth to perform the highly-serviceable task of tracing matters back to their necessary principles and forward to their logical conclusions and, by this means, of distinguishing what is sound and Christian from what is unsound and, to that extent, infernal, in the chaos of social theories amidst which we live. And for guide and standard—without which it would be presumptuous for any individual, however well-read and highly endowed, to lay down the law in questions of morality—he has constant and explicit recourse to the teaching of the Church, made known either by the voice of her chief pastors or her accredited doctors. Accordingly, he begins with a brief *status quætionis* and an historical survey devoted to vindicating the claim of the Church in every age to be a chief mover in social reform. This survey is not meant to be exhaustive and indeed might have been made more conclusive. There follows a most interesting and ably arranged account of the two extremes—Individualism and Collectivism, leading to a lengthy discussion of the precise connotation of Socialism. Having established this by an exhaustive collation of authorities Father Day proceeds to indict the system in as many trenchant chapters, on grounds of truth, economics, religion and morality, whether personal, social or domestic. There follows the constructive part of the work, an able vindication of the competence and willingness of the Church or Catholic sociology to remedy whatever is remediable in social conditions. We are glad to see that Father Day is alive to the danger of creating an adequately rewarded but completely dependent working-class—the “Servile State,” which some of our most acute political thinkers foresee as the result of unthinking legislation. And

he is careful to emphasize the doctrines which mark the ultimate and fundamental distinction between Socialism and Christianity—the inalienable rights of man, as an individual, a member of a family, and a social being, viz., freedom of conscience and of person, integrity of family relations, private and personal ownership.

The value of Father Day's book does not consist in its originality but in its bringing together into one volume, and contrasting with admirable lucidity, the extremes which assail from one side and the other the majestic *via media* of the Catholic Church. As a ready means of getting to and getting hold of principles which alone can give force and coherence to social projects because they conflict with neither reason nor fact, we know of no better treatise. Father Day would perhaps have served the cause of students better if he had drawn up a bibliography for further research, but after all such things are procurable elsewhere. We commend the volume very heartily to the Catholic Social Guild and to all other Christian reformers.

7.—THE MIRACLES OF OUR LORD.¹

This is the Italian translation of a German work by Father Leopold Fonck, S.J., formerly a professor at the University of Innsbruck, now Rector of the Biblical Institute at Rome. The original does not appear, as far as we can make out, to be yet completed, but as projected, it is to be an extensive work, bearing the title of *Christus, Lux Mundi*, and setting itself to explain the entire contents of the Gospels. Apparently there are to be four parts of the whole work, the portion which is here translated being the first of the seven sections on Miracles that are to make up the fourth part.

Clearly the Fathers of the Biblical Institute are not idle, and it will be acknowledged that in the present instalment Father Fonck has gone deeply into his subject, and has produced a really standard work. Under the heading, "Preliminary Observations," he devotes 170 pages to Miracle in general, its meaning and purpose, its possibility, the tests by

¹ I Miracoli del Signore nel Vangelo, spiegati esegeticamente e praticamente. Da Leopold Fonck, S.J. Vol. I^o. I Miracoli nella natura. Traduzione di Luigi Rossi-di-Lucca. Roma: Pontificio Istituto biblico. Pp. xxviii, 644. Price, 4.50 l. 1914.

which its verity can be recognized, together with its evidential value as attesting the personal action of God, and authenticating His message to man. These, it may be said, are the hackneyed stages of the Catholic demonstration, and certainly they are the stages usual in Catholic treatises. But, if the method is sound, as it certainly is, why should it not be adhered to, the more so as it contrasts advantageously with the slipshod and ever-varying methods by which naturalistic theologians seek a basis for their investigations? It is distinctive, however, of Father Fonck's plan that at each stage he discusses at considerable length, and with long quotations from their own books, the pronouncements on just these same headings of the various naturalistic critics, from Reimarus down to his latest posterity. This, indeed, is a very effective feature, not merely in this preliminary part, but throughout the volume. The author is evidently familiar with the works of these adverse writers, who mostly belonged to his own country. He is even *au courant* with the latest things said about their theories and their opposites in the periodical press, and reports of learned societies. As one encounters in his pages the long line of palpably strained interpretations, which in their day were confidently put forward and welcomed by those unable to accept the miraculous, yet only to be set aside after a short hour of acceptance, in favour of interpretations of a radically different kind, one cannot but think of the merriment which would surely greet the Catholic commentators could they be convicted of a like inconsistency.

After some further preliminary observations on the Miracles of our Lord, in which a whole section is given to the sceptical, naturalistic, mythical, tendencious, physical, moral and spiritual, and eclectic schools of critics and their methods, the author settles down to examine in detail the nine "nature-miracles" which are found in the Gospels. It is these nature-miracles which form the special subject of the present volume, and in dealing with them Father Fonck is not content to establish their genuineness by scientific tests, but examines the symbolical and practical value of each miracle by itself, so to justify the use which is ordinarily made of them by the preacher and spiritual writer, following in the footsteps of the Fathers of the Church.

8.—A NEW CATHOLIC NOVELIST.¹

Last month we commented on, as a hopeful sign of the times, the astonishing number of Catholic novelists who are at present well within the front rank of their profession. Now we have to call attention to another, whose work, slight as yet in bulk, still shows ability worthy to be reckoned with the best. *Choice*, by Mary Samuel Daniel, a name we are glad to say not unknown to our readers, has the advantage of a critical Preface by a master of the craft, Mgr. R. H. Benson himself, which really anticipates all that a reviewer has to say in the way of appreciation. Putting it out of mind for the moment, the present writer may record as his personal impression that the story, which records as its main theme the trials of a mind in love with truth yet woefully handicapped by education and circumstance in the search for it, is told with such delicate grace and humour and with such easy literary skill as make its every page a real delight to read. Each character is elaborated with loving care, and the charm of each suggests either an exceptionally fortunate experience or an uncommonly vivid and refined imagination. The story will appeal to minds of every age, and, indeed, of every phase of belief, for there is nothing to arouse controversy in the telling. The authoress, we trust, has in this volume laid well and truly a substantial foundation for future fame.

9.—THE ORIGINS OF THE ROMAN CHURCH.²

Not always have Bampton Lectures so faithfully carried out the Founder's purpose of "confirming and establishing the Christian Faith," as those which were delivered last year by the Rev. George Edmundson on the Church of Rome in the First Century. It is a subject on the elucidation of which the scholarship of many competent students has been exercised, but, as the author urges, "additions, particularly through archæological research in the neighbourhood of Rome, are being regularly made, and have shown that the

¹ *Choice*. By Mary Samuel Daniel. London; Burns and Oates. Pp. 186. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1914.

² *The Church of Rome in the First Century*. An examination of various controverted questions relating to its chronology, literature and traditions. The Bampton Lectures for 1913. By George Edmundson, Late Fellow and Tutor of Brasenose College, &c. London: Longmans. Pp. xiii, 296. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1913.

last word on many most important and critical questions has not yet been spoken." Moreover, in these lectures he gives what is always worth having from a competent scholar, the result of personal investigation into the history of the Church in Rome in the first century. "My own experience," he says, "has taught me that the only way to arrive at conclusions in historical questions satisfying to the historical conscience is to study the original authorities for oneself with an independent mind, using indeed all the light and all the suggestions that modern critical scholarship can throw upon the many problems that have to be solved, but never accepting any of the so-called 'results of criticism' without testing for oneself with the greatest care and at first hand the grounds on which they are supposed to rest."

Of the eight lectures contained in the volume the first six bring the inquiry up to the time of the martyrdom of the two apostles in A.D. 65 (?), 67, the two last carrying it on to the end of the century. Mr. Edmundson goes step by step through the sequence of events during this period, scrutinizing at each stage the various references and allusions to be found in the scanty documents, and, as it were, squeezing out of them *data* of interest which only thus can be made available in establishing the course of the historical development. Sometimes by this method evidence is obtained which is both direct and contemporary. But often it is necessary to interrogate traditions in which some genuine element is mixed up with legendary matter.

For this process of separating out genuine from spurious traditions Mr. Edmundson lays down the following four rules, which are worth transcribing, for the lucidity in which they state principles that must commend themselves to all in any way acquainted with historical investigations:

A tradition before it can be accepted as embodying authentic history should, I think, satisfy the following conditions: (1) It must be concerned with an event or series of events that had a great number of witnesses, and of witnesses who would have a strong motive to record and bear in memory what they had seen. (2) The beginning of the tradition should appear at a time not too remote from the facts it records, at a time, that is to say, in which it should not be possible for the notices handed down by contemporaries to be obscured. (3) Shortly after that time to which the beginning of the tradition goes back there should appear in the community to which it relates a firm and

general persuasion of its truth. (4) This persuasion should spread gradually until everywhere the facts are accepted as true without any doubts being raised even by those who, had things not been plainly true, would have desired to reject them.

The author's application of these four rules to the various traces of St. Peter's life and work in the foundation of the Roman Church, and of the impression his personality made upon its members is a most effective piece of sober criticism, and contrasts strikingly with the criticism run mad of Dr. Chase's article on *Peter* in Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*. Mr. Edmundson examines carefully the evidences of all kind, which either affirm, or allude to, or imply this fact in all its fulness, as involving that he was Founder of this Church, was its Bishop, was resident there for a length of time, was martyred there, and in a definite place the memory of which was carefully preserved, and recognized by the visits of an unfailing concourse of pilgrims; and, laying stress on the general agreement, not only of Roman, but even of Eastern writers, to the truth of this tradition, together with the utter absence of any rival traditions, he concludes that "probably there never was any tradition accepted so universally, and without a single dissentient voice, as that which associates the foundation and organization of the Church of Rome with the name of St. Peter, and which speaks of his active connection with that Church as extending over a period of some twenty-five years."

The elements in the history of this phase of First Century Christianity are familiar to all who have studied it; the only question is as to how much of them can be accepted for fact, how much must be rejected, or left doubtful; and it is for a discussion of these well-known obscurities which cannot fail to be found enlightening, that readers should consult this admirable study. For a few points indeed on which Mr. Edmundson relies, though we hesitate to differ from him, he does not convince us. It is hard surely to believe that the Epistle to the Hebrews was not only written by Barnabas but addressed to Jewish Christians resident at Rome. It is true this theory has been put forward by a few critics, but the contents of the Epistle suggest that it was addressed to a community in whose midst the services of the Temple were still going on. Moreover, it is hard to understand, if it were addressed to a community at Rome, how a greeting could be sent to them from "those of Italy," which is the true mean-

ing of οἱ ἀπὸ τῆς Ἰταλίας. Nor do we take to the suggestion that the Apocalypse was written so early as 70 A.D. Mr. Edmundson finds that the contents of this book point unmistakably to that date, and that he can bring forward impressive arguments for that assignment we do not deny. But they are not conclusive, and, on the other hand, there is the statement of St. Irenæus which acquires the value almost of contemporary testimony from his relation to St. John through St. Polycarp. St. Irenæus, referring to the vision of the Number of the Beast, says if it were necessary that the Beast's name should be known "it would have been announced by him who saw the revelation; for it was seen no such long time ago but almost in our own generation, towards the end of the reign of Domitian," that is, about A.D. 95. This would seem decisive, but the author suggests that we should translate not *it* (*i.e.*, the vision) but *he* who had it (*i.e.*, St. John) "was seen almost in our own generation, &c." Yet, surely, it is doing violence to the words to suppose that the verb "saw," which in the former clause means seeing the revelation, in the clause that immediately follows means seeing the person who saw the revelation. Still these two points, to which perhaps one or two more from which we must dissent might be added, do not diminish our admiration for Mr. Edmundson's book as a whole.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGICAL.

As an apt introduction to the study of the history of dogma Professor Rauschen's **Eucharist and Penance in the First Six Centuries of the Church** (Herder: 5s. net), translated from the second German edition, can be cordially recommended. This second edition has benefited by the lengthy and detailed criticisms to which the first was subjected, and has been thoroughly revised by the author. It now forms a valuable example of positive theology applied to these great Sacraments, in regard to which there was so much variety of usage, combined always with substantial identity of belief, in the Early Church. Professor Rauschen examines methodically all the sources, and discusses clearly and fairly the chief modern interpretations of them, both Catholic and Protestant. The volume was well worth translating, and it has been translated well.

We have had to wait nearly three years for the appearance of the second volume of the English version of the Abbé Tixeront's **History of Dogmas** (Herder: 6s. net), which carries the work on to the year 430.

The author explains in his preface the reasonable compromise he has had to make between a strictly chronological treatment and a continuous discussion of individual dogmas. The development, for instance, of Greek and Latin Theology is described separately, and the importance of St. Augustine is recognized by there being a section specially devoted to him. We trust that the rest of this translation will speedily be issued, so that English readers may have in hand a standard work whereby to correct Harnack.

Father John MacGuinness, C.M., Professor of Theology in the Irish College at Paris, has, by the re-issue of the first volume, completed the second edition of his **Commentarii Theologici** (Gill and Son: 3 vols., Dublin), all three volumes of which the publishers have courteously sent us. We have no information as to the order in which they appeared in the first edition: in the second they have apparently been issued in reverse order. The matter treated is that of the usual theological *cursus*, but it is very well digested, and expressed in clear and scholarly Latin. On most questions all opinions are set forth and discussed with great fairness. Father MacGuinness keeps a careful eye also on modern scientific and philosophical views which touch upon his subject, as his quotations from current literature show.

Students will rejoice at the completion of Father Christian Pesch's **Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ**, of which the fourth and last volume has lately been published (Herder: 5s.). It treats *de Sacramentis* and, as in the case of the other volumes, it is not a digest of his larger work, but a substantive production. Father Pesch's characteristic excellence, his skill in combining the positive method of theology with the scholastic, is of course conspicuous here.

The valuable collection of dogmatic excerpts from the Fathers and Ecclesiastical Writers which Father Rouët de Journel, S.J., collected and published three years ago with the title **Enchiridion Patristicum** (Herder: 9s.), has reached a second edition "auctam et emendatam." The additions consist of some thirty passages inserted in their chronological order, without however disturbing the sequence of numerals in the first edition; the corrections concern dates and readings. The theological Index, in the style of Denziger, makes it easy to find the documents referring to each point of dogma. The book, like Denziger itself, is indispensable to the student.

A modern issue of Cornelius à Lapide's **Commentaria in Quatuor Evangelia** (Marietti: 20.00 fr.) in four volumes, edited by Dr. A. Padovani of Cremona in accordance with the present state of Biblical science, has reached a second edition, and provides very cheap and ready access to one of the most famous of the old commentators. The print is good though small, and the edition should prove most useful to preachers and students.

Books on Canon Law are doomed in these present days of reform to have but a short vogue unless their authors keep them up-to-date. This is what Father Laurentius, S.J., has done in regard to his most useful compendium—**Institutiones Juris Canonici** (Herder: 12s.), now in its third edition. As a tractate on the law now in force, brief yet sufficiently detailed and well-documented, we know of no other compendium so excellent.

Père E. de Poulpiquet, O.P., already favourably known for his apologetic works, essays in *Le Miracle et ses Suppléances* (Beauchesne: 3.50 fr.), an elucidation of one of the most fundamental and important problems of all, viz., the question of what supplies in the faith of children and the uninstructed the defects in their motives for credibility. No act of faith is reasonable which is not motivated by rational considerations, and the ultimate guarantees of the fact of revelation are miracles—taking the word in its widest sense to include the intellectual miracle of prophecy. But it is only the educated who can really appreciate the logical force of such guarantees,—how, then, can the rest of the faithful, whose motives are often unanalyzed or even incorrect, elicit acts of faith? Père Poulpiquet answers this question with great thoroughness, tracing the functions and the scope of that supernatural assistance, which we call *grace*, in the production of genuine conviction. All who have to deal with converts will find in this volume the reasoned solution of many common difficulties concerned with the nature of miracles, their place in the ecclesiastical order, their definitive character as distinct from magic, &c., and their relation with the supernatural.

The supposed conflict between faith and science, between truth in the supernatural order and truth in the natural, centres very largely upon the difficulty of reconciling the evolutionary hypothesis with the origins of the world and life as described in Genesis. All believers know that there cannot be any real discrepancy between God's utterances in revelation and in nature, still it is useful to have the question set forth and explained fully and categorically. This is what the Rev. G. Schmidt, the director of the ethnological magazine *Anthropos* has done, and his work has been adapted from the German by Père Lemonnyer, O.P., in *La Révélation primitive et les Données actuelles de la Science* (Gabalda: 3.50 fr.), a volume of great value in these days when the rationalistic surmises of Dr. Frazer and his ethnographical school are beginning to reach the man in the street.

The fifth edition of Mgr. Pierre Batiffol's *L'Eucharistie, la Présence réelle et la Transubstantiation* (Gabalda: 2.50 fr.) bears the significant legend *refondue et corrigée*, to which the author himself implicitly calls attention in his preface. The book first appeared in April, 1905, and by September, 1907, three editions were exhausted. All were practically alike, but a fourth edition was thoroughly recast in view of fresh materials and the labours of others in the same field. But the Roman authorities would not accord their *imprimatur* to this revised edition, until "une dernière mise au point [fût] exécutée d'accord avec eux" and thus, with "la bienveillance la plus auguste qui soit dans l'Eglise," this fifth edition has made its appearance in Rome itself. The author justly claims for his treatise that it proves the possibility of using constructive criticism to meet what is destructive, and that it shows how useful the positive method is in defence of dogma. We cannot follow him here in any detail in his examination of the early documents (he does not go beyond the council of Ephesus): all along he has to struggle for the Catholic dogma with the rationalist who does not admit the Eucharist at all, with the Protestant who says it is mere bread and wine, with the High Anglican who denies Transubstantiation, and twelve columns of names of authors cited and discussed indicates the wide range of the conflict. There can be no doubt as to its success.

DEVOTIONAL.

The Rev. Père Petitalot has compiled a very pleasing *Mois de Marie sur la Vie de la Très Sainte Vierge* (Téqui: 2.00 fr.), with a reading or meditation for each day ending with a pious *histoire* as a sort of application.

Canon Lejeune in his *Counsels of Perfection for Christian Mothers* (Herder: 4s. net), which has been well translated by F. A. Ryan, says much that is helpful and stimulating for those he is addressing, treating first of the obstacles to perfection, then of the means to overcome them, and finally of the means *par excellence*, viz., devotion to the Holy Eucharist. The counsels are shrewd and practical, and inspired at the same time with a deep spirituality.

A very useful compilation has been made by M. l'Abbé L. Boucard, of Saint-Sulpice, entitled *Les Grandes Dévotions* (Beauchesne: 3.50 fr.). After a sound introduction on "devotion" and "devotions," he takes each of the chief religious practices in turn—those in honour of the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Sacrament, the Sacred Heart, Our Lady, &c.—and explains the origin and scope of each and the lawful methods of exercising it.

The late Dr. J. M. Neale, an Anglican clergyman well-known as a hymnodist, was also founder of an Anglican Sisterhood, which still survives, at East Grinstead. His discourses to this Community—*Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament* (Allenson: 2s. 6d. net)—although disfigured by occasional misapprehensions of Catholic history and practice, are remarkable for the soundness of their grasp of Catholic teaching on the Eucharist, and we can well understand the descendants of his flock wishing to make them better known. But a phrase of his own, beginning the fifth discourse—"speaking . . . with the knowledge that except from me you cannot hear from any priest of those things which are nearest and dearest to you"—indicates a state of things hardly less prevalent in Anglicanism now than it was then.

There is not much enlightenment for Catholics in the hazy individualistic eschatology of *The Waiting-Place of Souls* (Scott: 1s. 6d. net), four Advent Sermons by the Rev. C. E. Weston. But their theme suggests the growing revolt against the denials of Protestantism which exists amongst Anglicans.

In the Rev. H. P. Denison's *Thoughts on Penance* (Scott: 3s. 6d. net), which though intended for Lenten reading treats of a theme which is always actual, we find much more true Catholicity. The author considers penance only under the aspect of satisfaction for sin, not as elevated by pure love into a simple desire to be like the suffering Saviour, but his understanding of its nature and obligation is sound. Not so the curious disability, so common in Anglican books, of distinguishing the relative gravity of sins, nor the failure to see that *perfect* contrition may wipe out even the debt of temporal punishment due to forgiven sin.

God, who wants to be loved ultimately for Himself alone, has not disdained to give us other motives—those of hope and fear—to help us to attain to this pure love by overcoming the counter-attractions of created things. Our Lord Himself appeals to the motive of hope by exhorting us "to lay up treasure in Heaven," and this is the theme developed by the Rev. F. J. Remler, C.M., in *Supernatural Merit: Your*

Treasure in Heaven (Herder: 6d.). The little book explains clearly the nature and source of merit, the conditions and methods of acquiring it, the motives for working zealously while it is yet day. It is a valuable stimulus to perseverance in well-doing.

The Abbé Charles Grimaud has followed up the success of his collection of "stories with a moral," *Défendons-nous!* by a series arranged on a similar plan called **Sauvons nos Âmes!** (Téqui: 2.00 fr.). The stories illustrate in a pleasing and often exciting way the various methods of saving our souls, whether by approaching the means of grace or by overcoming temptation. The book is not only entertaining spiritual reading, but might be profitably employed as a reading-book in our schools.

The difficulty of providing suitable prayers for quite young children is notorious. Father William Roche, S.J., who has had long and varied experience of the spiritual conditions of little folk, has published on their behalf, in **A Child's Prayers to Jesus** (Longmans: 1s. net bound; in two parts, without pictures, 1d. each), a collection of short, simple, direct and practical elevations of mind and heart which are not beyond the intelligence, and are admirably suited to the needs, of childhood.

A French life of our Lord, written by the Very Rev. A. Berthe, C.S.S.R., in 1902, has been recently translated under the title **Jesus Christ: His Life, His Passion, His Triumph** (Herder: 7s. 6d. net) by another Redemptorist, the Rev. Ferreol Girardey. The narrative is written primarily for edification, which it is eminently calculated to cause, and not like the *Lives* by Fouard or Didon, in the spirit of critical research. However, the harmony is well constructed and the story embellished with details taken from known customs of the period and profane history.

We have often regretted that there was little amongst us to take the place of those elaborately-edited Bibles and Bible-Histories that are produced by our separated brethren. No "gift-book" can be more appropriate than the Word of God, yet it is rarely that that Word is suitably produced by Catholic publishers. Messrs. Sands have done a good deal to take away that reproach by the publication of **Old Testament Stories** (with 12 coloured illustrations: 3s. 6d.), retold for children by Father Martindale. The book is sumptuously produced for the price, and the unnamed illustrator has been very successful. Still better is the letterpress, which, while preserving the simple charm of the original, does much to explain to the young mind what would otherwise tend to confuse it, viz., the strange mixture of crime and holiness that enters into the history of the Jews.

We are glad to welcome a cheap re-issue of the 5th impression of Dr. Von Ruville's **Back to Holy Church** (Longmans: 1s. net), a book which has done so much to recommend the faith to thinking people outside the Church, for its author shows how it was unbiassed historical research and sheer force of logic that brought him from infidelity back to Protestantism and, from that unstable foothold, on to the Rock. Just as the deep faith of many scientific men disproves the alleged antagonism between science and religion, so the conversion of this eminent historian shows that the Church has nothing to fear from impartial historical study.

A French hospital chaplain in daily contact with physical sufferings has expressed his conceptions of their value in a series of considerations

on the Passion of Christ, which have been translated by Frances M. Grafton with the title **The Crucifix or Pious Meditations** (Washbourne: 2s. net), and have reached a second edition. They breathe a spirit of sincere and practical piety.

The same qualities appear in a booklet which did not reach us in time to be noticed last month—**How to Spend Holy Week in the Spirit of the Church** (Washbourne: 6d.)—adapted from the French of Père Jacques de Guerville (1698). Its use will obviate the not improbable danger of seeing nothing in the elaborate ceremonies of that holy season but a dramatic external *cultus*.

The Art and Book Company, Westminster, are issuing a new and attractive style of pious picture, viz., photogravure representations of various English martyrs taken from their statues at Tyburn Convent. A brief life of each martyr and a suitable prayer are printed on the back. The set of six includes BB. E. Campion, Sebastian Newdegate, Ralph Sherwin, Richard Reynolds, John Houghton, Thomas Sherwood, and costs sixpence. They are admirably reproduced by the Anglo-Engraving Company.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The work of the Irish Sisters of Charity is familiar to Londoners through their wonderful Hospice for the Dying at Hackney—a work of zeal which at the moment is appealing for funds for necessary extension—but the publication of **The Letters of Mary Aikenhead** (Gill and Son: 10s. 6d. net), their venerated Foundress, will bring home to a wider audience the characteristic spirit of this holy Institution. Next year will occur the centenary of its foundation, so these intimate letters make a timely appearance. They concern the government of the Institute, which Mother Aikenhead ruled till her death in 1858, and the individual training of its members, and, although necessarily including a number of irrelevant details, they embody the aspirations and inspirations of a soul wholly devoted to God. Ranging from the early thirties to the year of her death they give incidentally many graphic pictures of the state of Ireland in the decades before and after the great Famine.

Father Brou, S.J., who is the author of the standard French life of St. Francis Xavier in two large volumes, has applied his extensive knowledge to the compilation of a short **Vie Populaire de Saint Francois Xavier** (Beauchesne: 1.50 fr.), which may be trusted to give the soundest and best-authenticated account of the great missionary.

Mr. Hall-Patch's **Father Faber** (Burns and Oates: 1s.), a short illustrated biography of the founder of the London Oratory, undoubtedly supplies a want, and, we trust, may excite a demand for a fuller Life of its subject, expanding, perhaps, that by Father Bowden (now, we presume, out of print), or better still, wholly re-written on a scale proportionate to Faber's share in the growth of the Second Spring.

Miss Sander's life of the Saint has guaranteed her competence in the selection of **Some Counsels of St. Vincent de Paul** (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley: 1s. net), passages from his sermons and letters illustrating different points of Christian perfection which, as the compiler suggests, have an application independent of their first occasion. An appendix contains *The Thoughts of Mlle. Le Gras*, the first Superior of St. Vincent's Sisters of Charity and one wholly possessed of his spirit.

FICTION.

We have some hesitation in classing Mr. A. Newman's **The Pessimist: a Confession** (David Nutt: 6s.) under this heading, for it purports to be a history of a certain phase of the author's own intellectual and spiritual experience. However, it is in the form of fiction, though no one would be well advised to take it up for mere recreation. It is a book which is the product of profound thinking, and itself demands and challenges thought, nor has Mr. Newman, for our better distraction, wrapped up his moral in any subtlety of plot or excitement of scene. The whole idea—the gradual recognition by a highly intellectual and deeply sensitive man of the divine purpose underlying the apparently chaotic scheme of things—is developed by conversations, many of them brilliant, wherein current convictions are questioned and analyzed with a boldness that makes one pause to reconsider their foundations, and by a skilful use of his *dramatis personæ* the author manages to ventilate every side. It is a book which many people will want to read twice.

Perilous Seas (Washbourne: 3s. 6d. net), by E. Gallienne Robin, is a story of another type—a breezy, adventurous tale of the Channel Islands during the French Revolution, with which is dexterously woven the account of a spiritual revolution, the conversion, through shock of circumstances, of a man of the new ideas to the old traditional Catholic faith. The authoress has, we fancy, broken new ground in giving us the Revolution as reflected in the current public opinion of the Channel Islands: at any rate, she has cultivated it with much skill.

GENERAL.

A Short History of London (Macdonald and Evans: 2s. 6d.), by K. H. Vickers, M.A., traces the story of the city from the beginning to the dawn of the Victorian era. The book will form a useful introduction to larger works, for it creates interest in its subject. Much might have been gained by the insertion of maps illustrating different phases of the city's growth.

A wider subject is embraced in Henri Joly's **Historie de la Civilisation** (Bloud et Gay: 3.50 fr.), who treats it with freshness and philosophical grasp, distinguishing the constituents of true civilization and noting retrogression as well as progress. His crowded text is relieved by many striking pictures.

M. André Bremond in **La Piété Grecque** (Bloud et Gay: 3.00 fr.) investigates the question whether the more advanced of the Greeks had any real sense of natural religion. And in regard to Socrates, Xenophon, Nicias and Plato, and presumably their followers, he decides that they had. They were "*animæ naturaliter Christianæ*," notwithstanding the loose moral atmosphere which to some extent infected their views. He would have found still further proofs in Aristotle, the greatest mind of them all.

Under the title **L'Ame de l'Ecole** (Lethielleux: 3.00 fr.) M. Charles Heyraud sets forth the true ideals of education and, with the French lay schools, their methods and their products, before his eyes, sets forth as well the rights and duties of Christian parents in regard to the education provided. This valuable little work, which gives a good account of the Government persecution, has an introduction by the veteran Paris deputy, M. Denys Cochin.

It may surprise us, when we take it in hand to-day, to recollect what an immediate and powerful effect **Campion's Ten Reasons** (Manresa Press: 1s. net) had on the occasion of the first publication of the little Latin tractate. It seemed to the Elizabethan persecutors as if a dead body—the Church they had killed—had returned to life and speech. They had force on their side and employed it ruthlessly, but force cannot slay ideas. *Campion's Decem Rationes* set up again the main foundations of the Catholic faith in the most effective way by showing the insufficiency and inconsistency of what was proposed to substitute for them. Considering the circumstances of its production, the pamphlet is very ably written, clearly arranged and logical, with abundant citation of authorities: it has much of the sharpness of the current controversial style without any of its grossness, and the Latin is that of an accomplished scholar. Father Joseph Rickaby has translated it into vigorous English, and Father John Pollen provides an extremely interesting critical and historical introduction. The book forms a notable addition to the *Catholic Library*.

Catholics are being urged on all sides to-day to translate their faith more vigorously into works—not merely for their own salvation, but also for the saving of society. Numerous associations exist, as regards both study and practice, to guide social zeal into safe and fruitful directions. Amongst the literature produced for this end we know nothing more suggestive in matter and detail than Mgr. Gourand's **Pour l'Action Catholique** (Beauchesne: 3.50 fr.). It naturally contemplates the state of affairs in France, but it is not difficult to apply its ideas elsewhere, for in substance the problem is everywhere the same—how to Christianize modern society. Its three main divisions will give some idea of the scope of the book—1) *Nécessité de l'Action Catholique*; 2) *Conditions de l'Action Catholique*; 3) *Principaux Champs d'Action*. Study-circles will find much inspiration in its pages.

The Professors of St. Louis University continue to do valuable service to the faith by the issue of short and clear tractates on certain philosophical postulates which are necessary for rational discussion, but which the heretics of our time have called into question. The latest is Father Rother's **Truth and Error** (Herder: 2s. net), which is concerned with an exposition of the nature of truth in itself and by contrast with its opposite. If the rational principles here set forth were only grasped by mankind as a whole, what a host of disputes and misconceptions would be swept away! Perhaps the most important chapter in a golden little book is that which describes the influence of the Will in relation to Error. Through the will comes responsibility, and responsibility which many are content to shirk.

Her previous books have proved that Mrs. Hugh Fraser is a shrewd observer of human nature, and we find the same quality prominent in **Italian Yesterdays** (Hutchinson: 16s. net), only exercised, as the title indicates, mainly on history, not on facts of personal experience. Rome figures largely in these picturesque chapters, which retail episodes from the infinitely varied medley of its long career, but other portions of Italy contribute their share of legend. The volume is handsomely illustrated with photogravures.

The Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter has published the six Harvard "Noble" Lectures on **The Spiritual Message of Dante** (Williams and

Norgate. 5s. net), which he delivered in 1904. After considering his subject's character and history, the lecturer very cleverly uses the three stages of the immortal poem to illustrate phases of the poet's moral development. The treatment, scholarly, penetrating, sympathetic, is worthy of the theme, and the lecturer fully understands, what so many non-Catholics are unwilling to see, that Dante was a Catholic through and through, and not an incipient Protestant.

Sr. Marietti of Turin has issued a cheap and handy edition, *juxta typicam* of the **Martyrologium Romanum** (3.75 fr. or 5.00 bound), containing the latest additions and corrections. Though the format is small 8vo, the print is exceedingly legible.

From the same establishment comes the **Psalterium Davidicum** (3.50 fr.) which Canon Marcus Belli, D.D., has briefly explained and commented on for the benefit of students and those whose privilege and duty it is to recite the Breviary. Pending a critical edition of the Old Latin enshrined in the Vulgate, some such "key" is necessary for the right understanding of many of the Psalms.

The late Professor Verrall's **Lectures on Dryden** (Cambridge University Press: 7s. 6d. net), delivered at Oxford at the end of 1911, have been published from his notes by his widow, and form a substantial addition to English criticism. They will, we trust, call renewed attention to a poet in danger of being forgotten because his poetry often dealt with affairs of transient interest. Professor Verrall shows how much there is of universal and permanent appeal even in the historical and polemical poems, and how ill-advised are students of poetry who neglect the works of such a master of the art.

A charming little book of country sketches, called **Village Silhouettes**, (Society of SS. Peter and Paul: 2s. 6d. net), by the Rev. C. L. Marson, gives one the conviction that it is drawn from the life. But the limner has a kindly and humorous eye, and a deep sympathy with the slow-moving and often inarticulate mentality of the rustic: hence his pictures are not only vivid but pleasing, embodying as background for the persons represented much quaint lore of the countryside.

The Queen's Work.—Appropriately in this month of May appears the first number of a magazine which is to be in America "the expression of a great international movement, which is making itself felt throughout the world-wide Sodality of the Blessed Virgin." It is intended to help Sodalists in that great land to carry out their obligation under their first rule, not only to sanctify themselves, but also to be zealous "to save and sanctify their neighbours, to defend the Church of Jesus Christ against the attacks of the wicked." This inspiring programme calls for both prudence and charity, and it is felt that a closer union of American Sodalists by means of a journal of their own will greatly foster both. The first number shows not only promise but performance. It is full of good things—stories, poetry, practical directions of every sort, besides an account of various Sodality doings. The journal, which is nicely illustrated, and runs to forty-eight pages, large 8vo., costing 10 cents a month, or 1\$ a year, should be an immense success, and our best wishes go with it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

FROM THE AUTHOR.

Shamrock Sprays. By E. F. Kelly.
Pp. 72. Price, 6d. 1911.

BEAUCHESNE, Paris.

Vie populaire de St. François Xavier.
Par A. Brou. 2nd edit. Pp. 154.
Price, 1.50 fr. 1914. *Les Grandes*
Dévotions. Par Louis Boucard. Pp.
viii, 332. Price, 3.50 fr. 1914.

BURNS AND OATES, London.

From the Sepulchre to the Throne. By
Madame Cecilia. Pp. xv, 427. Price,
5s. net. 1914. *The Towers of*
St. Nicholas. By M. A. Gray. Pp.
237. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1914.
Choice. By Mary Samuel Daniel.
Pp. ix, 186. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1914.
Father Faber. By W. Hall-Patch.
Pp. 58. Price, 1s. net. 1914.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

The Canticles Eastern and Western.
By James Mearns, M.A. Pp. x, 105.
Price, 6s. net. 1914.

CASTERMAN, Tournai.

Spiritualité "Ignatienne" et "Pitté
liturgique." By L. Peeters, S.J. Pp.
31. Price, 30 cents. 1914.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.

Several Penny Pamphlets.

GABALDA, Paris.

St. François Régis. By Joseph Vianey.
Pp. xi, 216. Price, 2.00 fr. 1913.

GILL AND SON, Dublin.

Commentarii Theologici. By the Rev.
J. MacGuinness, C.M. 2nd edit.
3 vols. Pp. xvii, 714; xxiv, 638;
xxiv, 678. 1910-13.

HEATH, CRANTON AND OUSELEY, London.

Catholic Democracy, Individualism and
Socialism. By Henry C. Day, S.J.
Pp. viii, 296. Price, 6s. net. 1914.

HERDER, London.

Truth and Error. By A. J. Rother, S.J.
Pp. 129. Price, 2s. net. 1914.
Supernatural Merit. By F. J. Remler,
C.M. Pp. vii, 109. Price, 6d. net. 1914.
Counsels of Perfection for Christian
Mothers. From the French of Abbé
Lejeune. By Francis A. Ryan. Pp.
240. Price, 4s. net. 1914. *Ro-*
manace on El Camino Real. By J. T.
Richards. Pp. 538. Price, 6s. net.
1914. *Jesus Christ: His Life,*
His Passion, His Triumph. Trans-
lated from the French of Père Berthe,
C.S.S.R., by F. Girardey, C.S.S.R.
Pp. xx, 514. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1914.
Enchiridion Patristicum. Edited
M.J.R. de Journal, S.J. Edit. 2a.
Pp. xxii, 802. Price, 9s. 1914.
"The Pöble - Preuss Theological
Manuals," sc.: *God, His Know-*
ability, Essence, and Attributes.

Pp. vi, 479. Price, 8s. 6d. net. 1911.
The Divine Trinity. Pp. iv, 297.
Price, 6s. net. 1912. *God, the Author*
of Nature and the Supernatural. Pp.
v, 365. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1912.
Christology. Pp. iv, 309. Price, 6s.
net. 1913. *Soteriology.* Pp. iv, 169.
Price, 4s. net. 1914. *Mariology.*
Pp. iv, 185. Price, 4s. net. 1914:
by the Rev. J. Pohle, D.D.: translated
by Arthur Preuss.

HUTCHINSON AND CO., London.

Italian Yesterdays. By Mrs. Hugh
Fraser. Sixteen Illustrations. Pp. xii,
378. Price, 16s. net. 1914.

LONGMANS, London.

Modern Oxford Tracts. By Bishop
Gore and others. 6d. net. each. *A*
Child's Prayers to Jesus. By Rev. W.
Roche, S.J. Illustrated. Pp. 58. Price
(boards), 1s. net; (Paper) in two parts,
1d. each.

MANRESA PRESS, London.

Holy Mass; the Eucharistic Sacrifice
and the Roman Liturgy. Vol. II.
By the Rev. Herbert Lucas, S.J. (The
Catholic Library. Vol. 7). Pp. vi,
126. Price, 1s. net. 1914. *The*
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Robert Southwell, poet and martyr.
Together with three famous letters by
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(The Catholic Library. Vol. 8.) Pp.
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Old Testament Stories. By C. C.
Martindale, S.J. With 12 Illustrations.
Pp. 60. Price, 3s. 6d. 1914.

TEQUI, Paris.

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3.50 fr. 1914. *Jésus Vivant dans*
le Prêtre. By Père Millef, S.J. 4e édit.
Pp. xii, 420. Price, 3.50 fr. 1914.
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Vaudon. Pp. xxxix, 362. Price, 3.50 fr.
1914. *Vade-Mecum des Prédicateurs.*
By Two Missionaries. 3e édit. Pp. xiv,
790. Price, 5.00 fr. 1914. *Sauvons*
nos Ames! By Abbé C. Grimaud.
Pp. 277. Price, 2.00 fr. 1914. *Un*
Mois de Marie. Par le R. F. Petitalot.
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WASHBOURNE, London.

The Crucifix. Translated from the
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How to Spend Holy Week. From the
French of Père de Guerville by a Bene-
dictine of Princethorpe. Pp. 48. Price,
6d. and 1s. 1914. *Perilous Seas.*
By E. Gallienne Robin. Pp. vii, 350.
Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1914.

